

HOW TO DOMINATE



GARY BRODSKY

*"The resistance of a woman is not always proof
of her virtue, but more often of her experience."*

Minon de Lenclos (1620–1705)

French society lady and wit

*"**Tis** strange what a man may do, and a woman
yet think him an angel."*

Emile Gaboriau (1835-1873)

French author

*"**Men** make Gods, and women worship them."*

James G. Frazer (1854–1941)

Scottish classicist, anthropologist

INTRODUCTION: THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES

That's an old phrase up there, the battle of the sexes. Most people think of it as a joke. They're wrong. The sexes have been in a state of war for centuries, and in the last one, the men started losing.

Since recorded history began, men have been warring against the elements, the environment and each other to make the world a better place ... for women. Think about it. Men don't need electric blankets. Men don't need arm protectors for their couches. Hell, men don't even need toilet seats. Why? Because we're men, **damnit**.

But women, women need every comfort imaginable. In the bathroom, all a guy needs is his razor, some soap, a towel and some toothpaste. Women need three drawers, two shelves and a closet full of **crap—and** that's just to take a dump. In the

kitchen, all most guys need is a skillet, a sharp knife and some salt and pepper. Modern women can't cook unless they've got four hundred plug-in appliances, eighteen bins of utensils, two spice racks, two ovens, an extra sink and then someone else to do the cooking.

Over the centuries, men have taken all the struggle out of **life—for** women. Men still die early from the strain of supporting their families, of dealing with shit jobs and even bigger shit bosses, of fighting the government, their neighbors, their wives and every other thing around them day in and day out until the welcome black curtain of death comes to make it all better.

Our ancestors built huts for their women. Their sons built towns, then castles, then sprawling metropolises everywhere around the globe. Men have dotted the planet with shopping malls and beauty salons for women. We invented everything we could to please them. We brought light into the homes, then we gave them vacuum cleaners, dish washers, steam irons, automatic washers and dryers, juice makers, rug **sham-pooers**, drip coffee **makers—everything** we could think of to make their lives easier. And you know what?

It was all one big fucking mistake.

I'll tell you why.

Women are like cats. They don't appreciate anything. The more you give them, the more they want. And you know it's true. Despite what we've been told about women by the media, the endless articles celebrating the **wonderfulness** of anything without a penis, the never-ending braying of the

mindless squaws of the "new feminism," women, just like men, haven't changed one iota since we came down out of the trees.

Evolution takes hundreds of thousands of years. People have been covering themselves with skins and trying to work out systems of language for only about ten thousand years. We may have convinced ourselves we're **lightyears** beyond our cave dwelling ancestors, but we're not. We're still just Ogg and Oggella, and the Oggella have been winning the game for some time now.

The truth is we should have never stopped knocking them down and dragging them back to the cave of our choice. When we made them merely economically dependent, but allowed them to stop being grateful, well, that was the beginning of the end. After a while, when a Newton or an Edison would create some labor-saving device, women no longer asked for one to make their lives easier, they demanded them. Trying to be nice guys, our great-great grandfathers gave in.

Big mistake.

Women don't like to be catered to. Not deep down inside. A man who will cater to a woman is showing weakness. To the primitive inner mind of the female, if a guy isn't repaying a woman's idiotic demands with the back of his hand, he's a wimp. There's no helping this. Our instincts are in place and there's nothing we can do about it.

Why do women go for "bad boys?" Why, when there is a guy willing to slobber all over himself, shining her shoes, cooking her meals, running the vacuum, et cetera, do they

dump him for a jobless drub addict who beats them ... every, single time? Because they're all, deep down inside, searching for someone to dominate them.

You don't believe it? Then you're an idiot. Plain and simple. It is the natural way of things for men to be in charge, for men to dominate all situations between a man and a woman. When a man isn't dominating a woman, telling her what to do, giving her boundaries and guidelines, she will get herself into worse and worse trouble, lashing out with ridiculous behavior until some right-thinking male takes her in hand and lays down the law.

But, at this point I'm going to stop trying to convince you of this fact. First off, you bought this book to learn how to dominate women. This means you must at least believe that it's *possible* for a man to dominate a woman. All you have to do now is believe that it's not only possible, but that it's right and proper for such to be the case.

And, you must *believe* this or everything I have to tell you **won't** be worth a **damn**.

To make the techniques work that I'm going to teach you, you have to believe in them. To believe in them, you have to believe in yourself. You must understand, from this point on, you are the man. The man is in charge. Say it with me now, say it out loud:

"I am the man. The man is in charge."

Say it again.

"I am the man. The man is in charge."

Now, as loud as you can, scream the words at the top of

your lungs!

"I'm the MAN, *goddamn*it! And the MAN is ALWAYS in charge!"

Did you say the words out loud? Did you? If you didn't, you'd better get started. You've got to get it through your head that from here on in, you are the one in the driver's seat. You have got to believe in yourself, and in the hereditary power of the penis. Forget this bullshit you've heard about women being the givers of life. You're the Godhead, son.

Women can't make life. All they can do without a man is play with themselves. We make life. Men. Women are just our incubators. We penetrate them, fill them with ourselves, plant our seed, and then watch football until they do their jobs and finally produce the children we create.

Enough of this. Let's sum this all up and get moving. Women need to be dominated. They aren't happy if they're not being dominated. Try being understanding and reasonable and loving and they will torture you until you die or leave.

All women really want from a relationship is a bit of a dance, and then to be told what to do. Period. So, what we're going to do in this book is first teach you how to do their little dance of seduction, and then how to put yourself in the driver's seat so that you're giving all the orders for the rest of your *relationship*—*be* that a lifetime or a weekend.

Let's get started, shall we?

THE ART OF SEDUCTION: WELCOME TO THE DANCE

Well now, the art of seduction. Just what would that be? Do any of you know? Do you have a clue? Probably not, otherwise, you'd be out doing it, instead of buying books.

Now, this statement is not meant as an insult. No one is born with this knowledge. The urge to dominate women is natural, knowing how to do so is not. One has to learn it. I did. So do you. We all learn these lessons in two ways. We learn from the sage counsel of our elders and our pals, and we learn from our mistakes.

When I first started to date I got some great tips from my Dad and some doozies from a couple of my uncles. I also watched my pals when they went on the make; I watched their approach and studied both their victories and their defeats. I had my *own* victories and defeats (trust me, every guy has both, and I mean *every* guy) as well. But, bit by bit, date by

date, lesson by lesson, I put together a playbook of moves and plans that are simply guaranteed to get you between the sheets with as many women as you can handle.

But, let's *introduce* our subject matter for today's lecture. And class, to do that, let's start where one should start whenever they're trying to figure anything out, let's go to the dictionary.

The American Family Reference Dictionary (a superb volume for those in need of a good source book) defines the word "seduce" thus:

1. To lead astray, entice away from duty or rectitude; corrupt.
2. To induce (a woman) to surrender her chastity.
3. To lead, or draw away, as from principles, faith, or allegiance.
4. To win over, entice.

Syn. 1. Beguile, inveigle. See tempt.

In some ways the above sounds a little nasty, doesn't it? "Lead astray," that's not supposed to be a good thing. Neither is drawing someone away from their principles or their faith. And as for getting a woman to surrender her chastity, well, I wouldn't tell the head of your house of worship that was what you had planned for your date that night. They might have words they want to share with you. Long boring lists of them.

So, does that mean you should give up right now on this idea of getting the women in your life to know their place? What, are you some kind of idiot? What did you buy this book for? To dominate **women**—**correct**? Or, to be a bit more basic

about it, to get **laid—right?** To get laid and to get laid often. To get laid and to get laid often, not by those women willing to give you a fling, those skanky left-overs desperate enough to "surrender their chastity" to you, but by the women you want.

That one you see every day at work, that goddess who sits next to you in class, the gorgeous waitress you see every day at the place you've been having lunch the last two weeks. It's not that good a place, a pit, really, but this waitress, she's so hot, you just keep going back, just to look at her, just to see her again, hoping you can work up the nerve to ask her **out ...**

Fuck that. Do you read me, to you understand, do you catch my drift? Fuck that shit right now. You are done with thinking like that. That crap is *over!*

Yes, seduction is a nasty business. It's you getting what you want at any cost. And what you want is not to pony up your hard earned cash in some dive where the food makes you choke just so you can sit like some naive boob and only *look* at some babe. What the hell good does that do you? Buy a skin mag if looking is all you have in mind. What you want is to get some goddamned pussy. Her pussy. That pussy that's been driving you bug-fuck ever since you got within sniffing distance of it.

I'm not trying to be mean or cruel. Like I said before, we all have to learn our way to getting what we want. I had to, and you're going to have to learn, too.

Seduction and domination are games. More than games, they're sports, and fast-paced ones at that. In fact, if one need-

ed a sports metaphor for these games, it would be boxing.

First off, these are not team sports. They're one-on-one battles. And, these are battles. Trust me on this. We'll get into more on that later, but one has to remember that when a man makes his opening jab, there's going to be a punch coming right back that has to be blocked and counter-punched or at least ducked.

Second, like boxing, every opponent is going to be different. Some women are going to want to dance around the ring, some are going to go toe-to-toe with you.

Third, when you break for the bell (and those moments will be there), you're both going to have people in your corners throwing advice in your ears. Even if there's no one else around, all those words of wisdom you've been gathering from friends and relatives, well, don't think she hasn't been doing the same thing.

She's got girl friends who have told her what to watch out for. She had a mother who told her what snakes men are and what kinds of moves they make. She had a father who loved her and outlined for her every dirty trick he used when he was out there fishing.

Like a boxer, she's sparred and trained and practiced to put you in place. She's gathered advice from every corner, from anyone and everyone, just like you. So, how do you win this battle?

Easy.

You read this book and you do what I tell you, and trust me, and that will be enough to get you everything you want.

You're looking for advice on how to get laid—right? You looking to discover how to get the women you want, *all* the women you want, every piece of tail that catches your eye, and to not only be able to bed them, but then to make them do whatever you want, for as long as you want, after that?

Right?

Hell, don't sweat it. Nothing could be easier.

Just turn the page and let's get started. I've got a lot to tell you and you've got a lot to learn. And hey, don't forget to take notes.

You *are* in training now, you know.

DECISIONS: WHO'S MAKING THEM?

All right, what's the very first thing you have to do in this game? **Right—you've** got to pick out something female to seduce. Let's say you've done that. You know who you want. You've got the girl all lined up that you want and you're ready to start talking to her.

Great. Do it.

Start talking. The subject doesn't matter. No matter what you use to catch her attention, there is something of vital importance you must do to make certain you *keep* her attention. And that thing is, you must not let her make any decisions. Let me repeat that just to make certain you heard it in every part of your mind:

You must not let her make any decisions.

In fact, let me repeat it again:

You must not, under any circumstances, let her make any

decisions.

And now, let me refine that thought. You must not let her make any decisions for *you*. Yes, she can decide which hand she's going to hold her fork in, but she's not going to tell you how to eat. Period. Never. Not once.

I know I'm repeating myself, but let's make sure we've cleared up the greatest feminist fallacy once and for all. No matter what you've seen in the media or heard on "Oprah," women don't want to think about things. They do not want to be in charge; they do not *want* to make up their minds, and they certainly, above all else, do not want any man they can boss around.

Women want to be told what to do. They want someone to take them in hand and make their decisions for **them**—**all** of them. The more they protest that they don't, the more desperately they need someone to do exactly that. Don't believe anything different.

Now, how do you do this? You start from the beginning and you never let up. For instance, when you first ask your intended cutie out, you don't say:

"Would you like to go out tonight?"

And why not? After all, it's polite, isn't it? It's considerate. Isn't that good? No! Being polite, being considerate, being anything but in charge is fucking stupid, and you'd better learn that fast! Look at that sentence again. You just gave her the opportunity to say "no." You've made it easy for her. Too easy.

Instead, you say:

"Let's go out tonight," or "We should go out tonight," or, to give the illusion of trust that she might have a brain, you ask something like, "Where would you like to go tonight, dinner or a movie?" If she doesn't want dinner or a movie, you don't question her ("Hey, you have to eat, don't you"), you simply move on, give her another choice or two until you find something she'll go for.

Now, if she suggests a place that you hate, don't go along with it just to please her. Pleasing women is not how you get them into bed. Telling them what to do is the way you get women into bed. If they suggest something you don't want to do, you have the right to say "no." You're the man and men make decisions.

Not women.

Remember this pertinent fact, no woman in history was ever sexually interested in any man who let her tell him what to do. Oh, a guy might score the occasional "pity fuck" in such a relationship, but those generally come under keeping a man that a woman finds useful in line. Back in the 1800s, British economist Walter Bagehot said it best when he told the world;

"Men who do not make advances to women are apt to become victims to women who make advances to them."

Truer words were never spoken. Do you want to be in charge or do you want to be a slave? The one who is giving the orders gets to set the pace. Remember this, the one making the decisions is the one who gets to decide when the relationship is over. If you're the one who's been laying down the

rules and making clear what's going on between the two of you, when you say "it's over," it carries a lot more weight.

So, simply put, take charge from the beginning. You're the driver, you control the remote, you say when your dick gets sucked and for how long. Period.

Simple as that.

Because if you don't, she will. And guys, if you want to be an eternal passenger who never gets to see what he wants to see and does all the sucking, then you might as well give right up now.

THE PHONE: USING THE TIME TRICK

Okay, here's one that goes against all the instincts of the young dater. This is a trick that women have been using for years on men and believe me, not only does it work, but it is **devastatingly** effective. Fine. Glad to hear it, because what works for them will work for you.

Now, I'll warn you right up front, this one is hard to go along with, especially when the blood in your veins is drumming in your head and making you sweat and all you can think about is getting some, but you've got to have some will power. It takes a strong hand to hold the leash in a relationship, but if you're not the one holding it, you're going to be the one at the other end, so buck it up and listen.

Here's the scenario: you finally got that special girl's phone number. Good for you. You're on the way. Super. You've told your intended that you will call her that night, and

you've even given her a time. Let's say 9:00. The actual time or date or whatever that you said you would call **doesn't** matter. What matters is *not* calling when you said you would. Let me repeat **that**—**no** matter what time you *said* you would call, you must then call later than that time. No matter how much you want to hear her voice again, no matter how badly you need just a few of her golden throated words in your ear to remind you of what a goddess she is, grow the fuck up, take hold of your balls, and be a man.

If you said 9:00, then don't call until 9:30, or 9:45. In that half an hour, forty-five minutes, whatever, she will begin to become frenzied over whether or not you're actually going to call. She's gone out on a limb, you see. She has made herself vulnerable. If you don't call, she is diminished.

This is, of course, all in her own mind. But, then again, *everything* in the battle of the sexes is in our own minds. What you have to do is learn to interpret what the woman you want are actually thinking, and you will have the key to their chastity belts every single time. As the brilliant French novelist Alphonse **Karr** once said, "If men knew all that women think, they'd be twenty times more daring."

And this is *so* true. Men grow up with a mistaken fear of women as mysterious creatures who know everything. It's a simple mistake that comes from confusing their relationship with their mothers with everything else in the world that is born **dickless**. When we're two years old and we're trying to get away with something, what a surprise that our mothers caught us in the act. Since adults are generally supposed to be

smarter than babies, the baby is left with the impression that Mom is some kind of super genius. And, don't think for a moment that Moms since the beginning of time haven't done everything they can to make this illusion last for as many years as possible.

Of course, finally we realize that Mom is just a human being and that the reason she knew you were beating your brother's head in or that you were the one who took the peanut butter pudding (or whatever stupid thing you were up to) is because she could hear your punches coming through the wall, or saw the kid-sized pudding-smearred handprints all over the refrigerator door.

In other words, we all learn in time that Mom is just **human**. But, most of us **don't** realize that the aura of superiority that we granted to our mothers, *we granted to all women*. When we specifically take it away from Mom, we have no idea that subconsciously we are still extending it to every other female on the planet.

Anyway, let's get back to the time trick. You say you'll call at one time and you call later. During that extra time, you disrupt her feelings of superiority. Don't forget, for years this chick has been winning battles because of most guy's cultural respect for women which all comes from that fear of Mom's invincibility. Once the guy comes along who doesn't buy into it, suddenly their subconscious reliance on the deference other guys have been giving them works against them.

Suddenly, as we said earlier, little miss superior is in a frenzy. Why isn't he calling? He said 9:00? It's past 9:30.

What did I do wrong? Didn't I look good enough? Who does he think he is?

By not calling at the appointed moment you force her mind to make you larger than life. She is suddenly thinking about you, wondering why you're not doing what you're supposed to be doing, why you haven't fallen in line and obeyed her orders. We all know that women love a bad boy. What no one ever tells you is how little a showing of bad you have to make before you will catch a woman's interest. In psychobabble terms it's called using the tenants of balanced rejection and acceptance to create a state of relief and willingness.

And, whatever you do, don't worry about her anger. You'll have your excuse all ready. You had to help your mother bring home her groceries and lost track of time. Your boss held you up working overtime, those damn trains, traffic was a bear, that meeting with the Internet company you're trying to get started ran long, **blahblahblahfuckingblah**. No matter what you tell her, it's all going to make you look better. In her mind, suddenly it's;

"Oh, he helps his mother, he works hard, even when he's got troubles he gets straight to me, he's a go-getter ... and I was thinking badly of him. I'm terrible."

This one trick alone probably won't score you a hot oil rub and an offer to put her in silk and chains and to ride her like Trigger into the sunset, but then, no fight is ever won with just one punch. This prizefight is going to go a few rounds at least, but every blow that lands is one more strike that softens up her defenses and gets her reaching for that bottle of baby

oil and the nearest warming pan.

Now, what if she says she'll call you at a certain time? What do you do? Easy. You say "sure." You make certain you're home at the right time just in case she calls on time. Whatever time she calls, you take the call, then tell her you can't talk and that you'll have to call her back in twenty minutes. Forty minutes later you call her back.

If she called you late, your excuse is ready made, you were ready at the right **time—where** was she? If she called at the right time, however, then you just go back to giving her one of the excuses you have ready for when you call back late anyway. Remember, if you've got it all planned out you're not going to be at a loss for words. Women are used to men answering things off the top of their heads. Men with planned responses confuse them terribly because usually they've never met such a creature.

Of course, you're not going to be able to plan for everything they could possibly ask you. However, you had better sound as if you always know what you're doing. Never let them slip you a curve. Women are like the most vicious of jungle **beasts—they'll** sniff and prod and keep their claws in while they're still off balance, but show the least weakness and they'll strike with panther speed, feast on your heart and then laugh about it over sparkling water with their best homo boy friend and whoever else constitutes their personal posse.

This means, you've always got to have an answer. On the phone or in person, you can never show weakness. No sloppy pauses betraying indecision ... in other words, no "eeehhhh,"

or "I, I, I ..." No "B-B-B-B-," "Duh, duh, er, I, well ..." or any other stuttering shit. This isn't your nasty third grade teacher come back to test your resolve. This is just a woman. This is your prey. You're the one on the prowl, remember?

Anyway, remember, keep that edge at all costs. To lose it is to invite attack. If she throws you a curve you can't handle, tell the truth. "I'll have to think about that one," or "Now there's a question no one would expect." Learn to buy yourself some time so you can stay in the game.

Also: Don't be a boob and never call when you say you will. The first time, **yes—absolutely—don't** call on time. But the second time, sure, go ahead. Mix it up. Keep her off-balance and constantly guessing as to exactly what you're all about.

The same applies to when she calls you. First time, knock her down a peg. The second time, sure, you're there and glad to hear from a wonderful gal like her. Never be the same guy two times in a row. Don't go **Jeckle** and Hyde on her, just maintain some mystery. Being predictable is another way of asking to be shown the way to the front **door—before** you've seen the bedroom.

Also: in the case of her calling you, there's nothing that says you can't just let the machine take her call, and then get back to her twenty minutes later. Anything that keeps them in the "doubt zone" is acceptable. This is what you're after. You want them thinking about you. Why doesn't he call? Didn't he call? You want them checking their answering machine as soon as they step into their apartment or get back to the office

or whatever. You want to be on their minds. You want them thinking that they have to do more to keep you interested instead of the other way around.

Because, well, sooner or later, they're going to realize they've certainly got at least one thing that will keep you interested. And then, well then, my lad, you're going places.

THE SEDUCTIVE APPROACH: WALKING THE **WALK/TALKING** THE TALK

Okay, so what is it that starts things out for all men with all women. Think about this one. I mean, you don't want to say "looks," do you, because after all, you know there are a lot of guys out there who aren't all that good looking. In fact, you know as well as I do that there are guys out there who are deadspot ugly. And yet, you've seen these bad-haircut, slant-headed, big-eared bananas walking around with the cutest girls in town.

How can this be, you ask. Then you think, "money," that's how they judge all of us. And once again, you'd be wrong. Sure, women are shallow; there's no denying that one. And the ones thinking marriage, you can bet they want to make certain there's a hefty bank account in their future. But still, cash is not the measuring stick females use to size up **males**, and again we know in our hearts that one's true

because there are guys without two dollars to rub against each other who still get dates.

Nope, it's not your wardrobe, it's not your cologne, it's not even pheromones that cinches the deal. So, you ask, what is it? I'll **spill** ... it's your *approach*.

Now, this doesn't mean the snappy line you have all ready to go, or the jokes you tell, **whathaveyou**. I'm literally talking about your approach, how you actually walk up to the woman you have in your sights. How do you do that? How do you walk, period? Is there confidence in your stride? Do you walk into a room like you own it? Or do you enter a situation filled with hesitations, looking this way and that, eyes shifting, nerves showing in every step, flop sweat breaking out as you decide to talk to a woman you've spotted, the dripping ooze of it telegraphing what a loser you are to the girl of your dreams before you even open your mouth?

Okay, most of us aren't James Bonds, nor are we Pee Wee Hermans. We all fall somewhere in the middle of those two. But let's face it, the closer your approach is to Bond's the better off you're going to be with the ladies.

And that means you can not show any signs of being intimidated. You are in charge. You are the man. Period. This, however, does not mean swaggering into a situation like a bad imitation of a studio wrestler. Where women will sneer at even a hint of weakness ("my pussy is made out of gold"), disdaining it immediately, overt over-confidence will scare them off.

So, you ask, is there a middle ground anywhere? Of course there is. It's you. The real you. The inner you. The guy

you know in your heart that you are. Stop hiding him. Let him out.

Women are just as frightened as you are of the dating game, making the scene, et cetera. Deep down, they don't care if you drive an old car, collect 14th century tea pots or read comic books. What they're looking for is a man who doesn't *apologize* for the comics and tea pots stacked up in the back seat of his **Edsel**.

Women are looking for a man with confidence. For one thing, only a man with confidence is going *to tell them what to do* which is, I say it again, what they are all looking for in the first place. And remember, you don't have to wear a loin cloth and beat your chest to show that you're a man. You simply have to be yourself, and be *comfortable* with yourself. Let me tell you why.

Women don't want a boy, they want a man. They don't want to have to raise a child; they want someone who is going to protect them and take care of them, not some lost little snot who can't even ask them out without stuttering.

Subconsciously, all women want children. Their own children. While you're measuring them for a casual fuck, they're measuring you for fatherhood. It's all in the back of their minds, but it's there. If you're not acting like a grown up, then **they're** not interested. Their hormones having them searching for the ying to their yang, the alpha male that is going to give them the perfect babies that they can dote on for twenty years **who** will then look after them in their old age.

Yeah, I know, all you want to do is get laid. Well, **wel-**

come to the long, hard road to getting there. Like the old saying goes, "women fake orgasms; men fake relationships." But, not to change the subject, let's get back to that long, hard road. Really, in truth it isn't actually all that long or hard, but there are rules and there are tricks and the faster you learn them, the faster you'll be having your fun. After all, like the late Sam **Kinison** used to say;

"You gotta love women, guys, because after all, what's the alternative? Putting on an apron so you can cook dinner for some guy's hairy ass?"

Confidence is the key. Believe in yourself, whoever you truly are, let her know that she'd be lucky to have such a guy (not with words, but with your attitude), and she'll be yours. The more positively you get across the fact that you could care less what she thinks, the stronger your hold over her will be.

And I mean this works on *any* woman. That Brit slut Diana may have married up from commoner to princess, but don't think for a moment that she didn't have to suck a healthy amount of Prince Chuck brand dick before she got to try on any tiaras.

Confidence. That's all it takes.

Although, honestly, going to the gym once in a while wouldn't hurt any of you, either.

LOST AT SEA: WHAT WOMEN ARE ALL ABOUT

Let's stay with the thought about what women want for a moment. I can't speak for the female population of Iceland, Nigeria or Vietnam, but I can talk about the women of the United States. Not every single one of them, of course, but the grand majority of them are emotional **wrecks—complete** and utter basket cases. Here's what most of the women you run into *think* they want from a man (in no particular order):

1. Financial support
2. Someone onto whom they can dump their emotional garbage
3. Someone to solve all of their sexual insecurities
4. Someone who will listen as they endlessly complain bitterly about:

- A. Their looks
- B. Their weight
- C. Men in general

In many ways, it's not really their fault. The media, academia and the feminist culture have been screeching at them for years that they can do everything on their own. Indeed, according to the smart set, every woman should be able to have three children and raise them all to become Rhodes scholars, by herself, while working an 80 hour a week corporate job and dazzling the world as an artist of renown in her spare time.

Bullshit, pure and simple, poured into women's heads by people out for **something—corporations** that want to sell them something, lesbians who want to munch their muff, their divorced mothers and friends who want them as miserable as they've made themselves, politicians who want votes they can count on, and a host of others.

But, what are you going to do about it, Jackson? You're the one stuck home with your dick in your hand on a Saturday night without a clue as to what else to do with it. How do you get yourself laid when every woman you talk to starts eyeing you as a potential emotional tampon, just a sponge on a string that she can use to sop up all the bloody details of her failure to become the perfect woman?

The answer: tell her to shut the fuck up. When she starts to tell you about her drunken ex-boyfriend, abusive ex-husband, spiritually lacking father, et cetera, remind her that this

is not why you wanted to be with her.

Just as you can't let a woman make decisions, you can't let her dominate a conversation (same thing, after all, she's deciding that she can get away with this **shit**—you have to tell her she can't). And, the easiest way to do that is to show her exactly how you feel. When, on your first date, no less, she starts to drizzle into her salad about what a rotten son-of-a-bitch Freddie, or Brad, or Quentin was because he didn't pay enough attention to her, help her actualize her inner beauty, put the toilet seat down, eat soup without smacking his lips, *whatever*, you just pull some cash out of your wallet and you walk out. If you're talking on the phone and she pulls this crap, you hang up. It's as simple as that.

If she chases after you or calls back, whatever, you can certainly let her know that you're not any of those people, and that you don't do any of those things, but you make the point fast and you don't sit back down or keep talking, either. You let her know that you are a person with feelings, not a garbage can for her past failures. You let her know that you'll get back to her, but right now you've just got to get the bad taste of the way you've just been treated out of your mouth.

You will leave her stunned. It is pretty much a stone cold guarantee that no man has ever done this to her. Oh no, not the great and wonderful *her*. No, most likely all the men she's **known** have held her hand and told her how wonderful she is and what fucks the men she's known have been (they must be, **to** treat someone as wonderful as her so poorly, **blahblahblah-fackingblah**).

They do this thinking this clever strategy is going to get them laid. It won't (unless, of course, this bimbo is such a massive emotional wreck that she's willing to accept a pity fuck from a guy, and if that's the case, you really don't want to start something with this one). What it gets them is a label as an **sap**—**someone** they can call in between boy friends, someone who will make them feel better, someone who will hold their hand while they blubber about doing something else stupid.

Trust me, this guy *never* gets laid. For the woman who owns him (and believe me, that's how chicks look at these guys) that would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Usually women have to use a homosexual for this role—they get to believe they're perfect because a "man" is saying so, and the "man" gets to fulfill his dream of being one of the girls. This is not the role you want.

What you do when you take the reins away from them during these moments is to cast doubt on their illusion that they are God's gift to the universe, that their pussy is made of gold, and most importantly, *that nothing they ever do is their fault!*

And if they keep it up, well, you'd better keep doing the same. Just walk out of their lives.

After all, you're looking for someone not only to lay, but with whom you can have a good time. You want a lover whose company you can enjoy. There are women in this world who are great lovers and who won't torture you emotionally just for kicks. And, of course, there are plenty more you can train

to fill^{that} **role. That**, after all, is what domination is all about.

Yes, you can be a good listener when the moment calls for it. Some times such skills really are called for. But, we're talking being understanding when she gets fired, or her mother dies, not playing the role of Mr. Kotex every time her brain starts to leak dribble. Keep in mind, after five days of soaking up leakage, tampons end up in the wastebasket. Sure, listen to them once in a while, but let's remember, the only thing you really want to listen to is the sweet rhythm of her head bouncing off the back wall.

FIRST CONTACT: TAGGING YOUR PREY

All right, let's start talking moves.

We've talked about what you do whenever you enter a room. You take **control**—**instantly**. Your absolute, steely confidence in exactly who and what you are allows you to walk into any situation, a wedding, a party, a bar, a meeting at your office, whatever, like the king of the jungle. Not Godzilla, no chip on your shoulder, just confident and in charge.

Okay, you're finally inside. Great. Now, what comes next? Next, of course, you do whatever it is you're supposed to do wherever it is you are (obvious, I know, but some guys need every little detail spelled out), until finally, you spot... *her*.

And, there she is, across the room. Everything you've always wanted. The dream girl you've fantasized about ever since the day you got your first **stiffy**. It's *her*, just as you've always imagined her. The right hair and eyes, the lips you've

imagined against yours, those perfect breasts, endless legs, that waist that will just fit so snugly in between your waiting hands. Fuckin' God, **man**—it's *her*.

So what?

What? Come on now; do you really think this goddess of yours has been dreaming about you, too? Do you think her pillow's all soaked and stained with tears because, despite all her desperate searching, she hasn't found you yet? Think that well-used **dildo** of hers has your name on it? Think again, Chauncey. Then go soak your head in a bucket of cold water and wake up to the reality the rest of us are walking around in.

Don't take that last bit personally. Trust me, *all* guys do this. We feel our heart racing, our fingers curling, stretching, reaching, the blood boiling in our veins, and we can't imagine that the woman pushing our buttons doesn't feel the same. I mean, it can't be possible she wouldn't feel the same. Right?

Wrong.

100% wrong.

In fact, make that 150%.

Get this through your head, Fred, this dream gal of yours does not know you from Adam. She has not created a picture of you in her mind the way you have of her. It's all in your fucking **mind**—all right? Maybe she'll like you. Maybe she'll think you're cute or even hot. But she's got to get to know you, okay?

And, if we have to bother with the obvious, okay, yes, as Mr. Spock might say, there is a thin chance she'll feel the same way you do. But, the odds of her having spent puberty

fantasizing about someone exactly like you are approximately 1,345,289 to 1 that that's the case. Approximately. In case you can't guess, those are not good odds. So, on the off chance she's just a woman out for a good time and not your god-damned soul mate, let's try an approach that might get you somewhere.

You've spotted her. She's the one you want. Being cool, not staring at her, not stalking her, you approach her calmly, causally, and you smile. That's it. As soon as you've made eye contact, and you know that she's not looking *through* you but *at* you, you acknowledge her existence with a pleasant smile.

Do you understand? A *pleasant* smile. Not a feral, let's show our vampire **teeth/Hannibal Lecter/Freddie Kruger** leer, not something that's going to convince her she's being stalked by Charlie Manson's **geekie** cousin. A confident, disarming smile.

You aren't going in for the kill here. This is not the big move. This is the opening gambit. You see her. You approach her. You make eye contact, and then, you give her the big, confident smile.

If it's feasible, you walk directly up to her right then and there and say, "Hi, my name is _____."

This approach will completely disarm practically any woman you'll ever **find**. It won't get you laid on the spot, but only the worst kind of bitch is going to do anything but introduce herself back. After all, it's a social setting of some sort, **bar**, gym, dog park, vegetable aisle at the supermarket, **what-ever—it's** a nice, safe setting, and you're a nice, safe guy.

So far.

Anyway, contact has been made. She knows your face, knows your smile, and knows you don't drool whenever you see a woman. You don't stammer when you talk. You don't ask stupid questions.

Now she is thinking about you. If this is a situation where you can wait until later to strike, you wait. Every time. Let her keep thinking about you. Let the mystique of you build up in her mind (women have great imaginations) until that magic moment comes when you finally call, and then, let the games begin.

If you have to go for it right ~~then~~—~~chance~~ meeting, no way to find her again if you don't go for it, well, a man's got to do what a man's got to do. Of course, what a man's got to do and how he should do it are sometimes two different things. So, make sure you finish this book before you do anything—okay?

MEN AND WOMEN: WHO'S HORNIER?

Big question. And one that, before we go any further, we had better stop and examine.

Most people, and by that I mean men and women, think that men are a thousand times hornier than women. Men just have to have it, they jerk-off morning, noon and night (and then have wet dreams after they go to sleep). Most women think that men are playing with themselves on their daily commutes, in the bathroom stall at the office, anywhere and everywhere.

Now, there's nothing wrong with taking things in hand **and** squirting out some tension once in a while. Hell, as Woody Allen said, "Don't knock it, it's sex with someone you love." But, let's not get off the track.

As for women, there are those who think they're far hornier than men, but those are mostly porn addicts who

believe that the moment any two women are alone that they instantly start finding reasons to drop things near each other so they can start touching each other's legs and then working their way up to the good stuff.

As beautiful a world as that would be, it ain't the real one. Okay? The answer to our question is that men and women are equally horny. We can't help it. It's build into our human programming.

Men just have to have sex. Well, yes, that's true. If we need to get scientific about it, male DNA is conditioned to search for partners. We can't help it. It goes back to the days (only a few thousand years back, really), when human beings were just another minor rung on the food chain for the larger predators. We had to reproduce as often as we could just to keep the species going. So, even today, guy's can't help turning their head and eyeing prospective birds even when they've got the quail of their dreams hanging on their arm.

But, what about the ladies? They can't be as horny as men, can they? I mean, men are disgusting and have sex on their minds every minute and well, women are different. They're special. They're clean. They're ...

Turn it off, will you? Stop listening to the programming that's been drummed into your head since you were two fucking years old. You're not Jesus Christ, your mother wasn't a virgin, she sucked dick, so do your aunts and cousins and so will your little sister some day. They're people. They're human beings. They have needs. And you, my horny friend, should be goddamned glad of that fact.

The simple truth is that women are every bit as horny as guys. They've got hormones, too, and like cats in heat, they've got to get stroked once in a while themselves. But, since they can pick and choose a lot more freely than we can, they can wait for the guy who knows how to provide the mood and the atmosphere and all the other crap they need to finally give in and uncross their legs.

So, long story short, don't let the fact that you want some tie you up in knots. Women aren't any kind of special creatures. They stepped down off the pedestal during the sexual revolution and only a jackass would suggest letting them get back up there.

Don't let myths shatter your confidence. Both sexes need to get laid. With that in mind, let's get you a little closer to getting some.

BEING NICE: SHOULD **YOU** OR SHOULDN'T YOU?

Here comes a quandary. Women love bad boys. Right? That's what everyone says.

"Nice guys finish last."

We all know about women being attracted to guys who treat them like dirt. We've all heard the above quote. But, what's the truth?

First off, guys and dolls, you know it's true, women love to flirt with danger. They'll go for that bad boy every time. But *why*?

Keep in mind, gents, that all that bad boy has going for him is *confidence*. Guys willing to buck the rules, start fights, raise hell, are generally pretty confident guys. And, as the **clitoris** said in the South Park movie, "Bigger, Longer, and Uncut," "Dude, chicks love confidence."

So yes, of course broads go for bad boys. These guys

have got confidence dripping out their asses, and with so many of the rest of the guys around them tripping over every Politically Correct snare in their paths, it's no wonder that the guys who say "fuckin' no way" to the rules are getting all the twat they can handle.

Why women stick with most of these guys after they find out what creeps they are is wrapped up in pride. Women would rather let some bastard beat on them, steal their money and generally make an utter fool out of them rather than just admit that they'd made a mistake. But, oh well, that's their fucking problem.

Of course, some of these guys simply know how to dominate a woman and keep her in her place. It's a shame when a dimbulb gets a great piece of ass under his thumb, but that's the way it goes.

As for you, if you're not up to getting yourself a couple of tattoos and a motorcycle and turning into some sort of degenerate. Don't worry. You don't have to. It isn't that women prefer bad boys, it's just that most of the time the guy who breaks the rules is exuding the kind of confidence they're looking for—oftentimes they're the only game in town that's exuding any kind of confidence—and so, surprise, surprise ... they win.

Women honestly love nice guys. They love to have sex with nice guys. They love the taste of their dicks. After all, they aren't complete morons—they can dress themselves in the morning.

We said that all women want to have children sooner or

later. This is true. Well, they don't want assholes helping them raise their children. They want decent human beings for husbands. (Don't worry, the fact that you might have no intention whatsoever of being a husband or raising any kids has nothing to do with **this**—**we're** talking about what's in *their* minds, remember?)

But, what does being a nice guy mean? Again, we've covered some of this. It doesn't mean being Mr. Kotex. It doesn't mean showering them with thousands of dollars worth of gifts even before you get them into bed (try that, Quigley, and you'll *never* get laid). What it means is being a real man.

Real men are confident, of course. But they also have something to be confident in. They are the best of their breed. They have the courage of their convictions. They are polite. They are honorable. They take responsibility for their actions. They are the you that you can be if you let go the trappings of the world around you.

And, no, that doesn't mean making as many changes as you might think. We've covered confidence. This all ties into what we said there.

I said you had to be confident earlier, but I said to show **that** confidence all you have to do is simply be yourself, and be *comfortable* with yourself. A man who doesn't take responsibility for his actions can't ultimately be comfortable with himself. A man without honor can't be comfortable with himself.

Now, I'm not here to discuss morality or to convert **one** to a new religion or anything like that. Different people

have different standards. Their upbringing, the religion they were taught, the books they've read, everything conspires to give us our own personal sense of dignity. If you are living up to what *you personally believe* to be your sense of ethics, then everything will be cool. In other words, you know deep down what you think is honorable and what you know is acting like a scumbag. As long as you're comfortable with yourself, women will sense that comfort, women will smell your confidence, and that will attract them like flies to honey.

JUST WHERE WILL FLATTERY GET YOU? EVERYWHERE!

Women are compliment junkies. It's a fact. Now hey, I'll admit that we all like to be told we look like we've been working out, that our car is cool, that our new haircut makes us look hot, whatever. Everyone likes a few kind words now and then. But that isn't what I said about women. I didn't say anything about them being able to get by on just a touch of flattery now or then.

I said they were **compliment** junkies.

Allow me to prove it.

Tell me you've never done anything like this. It's some kind of family function, and as a matter of course you tell your eighty-six year old aunt Edwenia that she's the sexiest **thing** in the whole room. She'll wave you off and tell you that you're full of crap (maybe in nicer terms, maybe not), but **she'll** also giggle and cut you the largest slice of cake. And

let's face it, it was that big ass corner piece with the hard sugar **creme** filled flowers you were after in the first place. Right?

You're damn straight I'm right.

Junkies will do anything to keep the smack coming. Compliment junkies are no different.

This is the reason why women get nose jobs. This is why they get breast and lip implants, color their hair, show off their cleavage, et cetera. This is why they constantly worry about getting old or getting fat. This is the secret to why Lucille Roberts caters directly to women. Oh, she'll take money from guys if they want to come to her gym, but she knows the guys are only coming to hit on chicks, the chicks that are there to sweat off that ice cream from lunch. That's her bread and butter.

So, knowing this, what do you think you're supposed to do next? I mean, you're confident now, right? You walk into a room as if you own it. Once you spot the girl you want, automatically you go into the drill. You approach her with confidence, make eye contact, smile, and then introduce yourself. So now, after that, you start laying on the compliments like machine gun fire. Right?

If you thought that was the answer, smack yourself a good one. Right in the head.

Make it hurt.

The answer, as you might have guessed once your head stopped ringing, is NO!

Understand this right here and **now—you** do not waste

compliments. Do you understand? Compliments are your silver bullets for slaying the demons in your path. You wouldn't throw a hundred compliments at Aunt Edwenia, would you? Of course not. You know it only takes one sincere-sounding compliment to get that piece of cake. Well, aunt Edwenia is a woman, and they all work the same way.

Take this as absolute gospel. You've got to space those compliments out like drinks of water in the desert. First off, each one of them has to be something your victim can believe. In other words, make sure your brain is engaged before putting your mouth in gear. If she's obviously all dolled up, you say something nice about her excellent taste in clothing. If she's flashing a lot of jewelry, you let her know that you like the way she picked just the right piece to set off her eyes.

Whatever will work in that moment, that's what you use. But, you've got to space these bits of sweetness out. This is an absolute *must*. Compliments from your lips are not things any woman deserves. They are rewards. Get it?

Rewards.

This may sound harsh, but after all, we're talking about war here. That war between the sexes, remember? In this war, to be lord of all you survey, to get your booted heel firmly on her neck and to keep it there, you've got to remember this is a **master/slave** relationship. Think of it in the terms you would if you were training a dog.

Yes, in the beginning, when trying to get Rover to **respond**, you give him a treat every time he does something **perfect**. Then, after he's learned the trick, you don't give him a

treat every single time you get him to show off the trick. After he knows how to do it, you only reward him every once in a while, just to remind him that if he keeps doing everything *just the way you like it* then every once in a while, there will be a reward.

Every *once in a while*. Got it?

This is the way you have to treat women. Stagger those compliments. One day give her a few. Then the next day only give her **one**. Be sure to skip a day, or even three or four before giving her another.

Too many compliments, given too often, becomes a routine. They become expected. Trust me, you will be resented if you keep it up because it will make you seem like a phony (women *desperately* want [Hell, they *need*, really to *believe* every bit of praise you give them). On the other hand, if you then stop, you'll be hated if you break the routine because then you're not even bothering to keep up the phony facade you fabricated.

Constant compliments take all the fun out of the game. Women know deep down that flattery is flummery, but they both want to believe, and also, if you're willing to make a compliment once in a while, it shows that you're paying attention and that you care enough to try and consider her feelings.

And this is the crux of the matter when aiming for total domination of a **woman**. Women want to turn themselves over to a man. Deep down they need to. But, not being completely oblivious to their own self-interests, they want to turn themselves over to someone who cares about them, or at least is

willing to *pretend* he cares about them.

So, remember these words. Staggering out those compliments make them seem more genuine. In other words, it makes them seem as if you actually mean them, and aren't just trying to get into her pants. And, if your compliments seem real, then women will stay interested, and keep trying to get them. Indeed, they will work harder and harder to fish them out of you.

And, eventually, when you're in one of those three or four day periods when you're not giving them any compliments, **it'll** cross their minds **that ...** perhaps if they gave you something *new* to **compliment ...**

And once again, you get what you want. Which is, after all, what it's *all* about.

And remember, if you want to dominate a woman, you must possess her. You must own her. Until you've had her in bed, she still thinks she's in charge, free of control. Once you've met in the ring of sex, however, then true control is decided once and for all.

Boys give in to the need for more sex and the woman is put in charge, a position she doesn't want. Women in charge of a relationship are basically unhappy, and they will only use such a position to torture the boob who is causing them such frustration in the first place.

Men, however, assert their control in the bedroom and over from that moment on. Remember, sex is the only women have that men want. We can cook our own meals wash our own clothes. Once women give up the final **bar-**

rier, they've given up everything. Once you've had them in bed, it's then up to the woman to keep the man coming back, to keep him happy.

Once a woman has slept with a man, if she wants him to stay around, she's got to prove herself worthy of his attention. Boys, they'll stay around because they're desperate. Men will only stay if they like what they're getting.

Keep that in mind.

A SIDE NOTE ON COMPLIMENTS: SCREWING WITH HER HEAD

One of the great ways to play with a woman's head is to give her compliments that are tied to getting the thought into her tiny mind that she should really be fucking your brains out. These may or may not be your style, or perhaps this note will get you thinking of how you can adapt your own style to fit this idea.

Anyway, regardless of whichever way you want to go, here are some proven winners that have worked for me time and again, which will hopefully inspire you on to some victories of your **own**.

Tell her something like; "Hey, I had a dirty dream about you last night. Thanks!"

Ask her if it's all right if you jerk off while thinking about her.

Tell her how much she reminds you of your favorite porn

star. Tell her why.

I only put a few actual lines here because it isn't the specific words that are important, it's the fact that you're willing to say them. Women love to be pushed to the limit, but not necessarily by anyone.

Remember, it's *how* you ask the words, not what you're actually asking. Confidence will make it work. Not being confident in yourself, hesitating, stumbling for words, et cetera, will just make you look like a dope. So, pull it together and get her to start pulling your pud ASAP.

SO, JUST HOW DO YOU GET ANYWHERE? ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE!

Okay, class, now here's an easy question. How do you get what you want in this life? I mean, how do you get anything at all that you might want? What is it you have to do to get what you want?

You have to *ask* for it.

Simple, right? Nothing to it, really. You just ask and you get.

Well, all right, guys, perhaps that is an over-simplification. I guess when it comes to getting laid by a super model, **well**, maybe things don't quite come *that* easy. I mean, it's not like you can barge your way into the big sports mag's ultra hot **swimsuit** issue shoot, elbow your way through the photographers and make-up artists and then run up to the first half **dressed**, big-lipped airhead you see and shout;

"Hey, bitch, *do me!*"

I mean, you *could* do all that, but it probably wouldn't get much more than some headlines and a court date. So, let's be a little more realistic.

Getting down to business, if you want to get into a broad's **pants**—~~the~~ castle keep, as it were, of the whole **bat-tle**—~~well~~, first you've got to get *inside the castle*. In other words, before you can steal the queen's treasure you've got to get inside her defenses. And actually, that's not as hard as it sounds.

To do this, you start out by making a few simple queries. Now, remember, you're not going to be asking your target babe any questions that allow her to make any major decisions. That's a no-no, remember? Decisions are your private domain. What you want to ask her are things that allow her to form an opinion.

Here's why.

If you ask a woman for advice, it's the same as saying you value her opinion.

Women love that shit. You're making them your equal in that moment, elevating them to the lofty realm of male intelligence, actually admitting that you consider their opinion as something worth listening to (God, the things we do for pussy).

Now, of course, you realize that you absolutely can not ask her to voice any opinions about you. That is definitely out. One hundred fucking percent. If she's going to voice an opinion about you, it had better only be one that you've already given her.

And, trust me, she'll get around to forming opinions about every little aspect of you and your life, your friends, joy, mother, et cetera, all on her own. So, don't go stirring up the **pot** by asking her to form some any earlier than she will by herself.

No, you want to ask her opinion on safe, innocuous (mostly female) things like:

How to cook a chicken, do these pants match this shirt, how do you like the beach, what's your favorite dessert, what did you think was the best movie last year, should I water this plant more than once a week, **blahblahblahfuckingblah**, simple female crap like that.

The mere fact that you are even asking her opinion on *anything at all* will thrill most women to death. No matter how sophisticated or liberated they are, nearly all women crave male approval like a drug. Every time you agree with one of their bovine opinions it's like throwing their fuzzy feline-like brains another ball of cat-nip. No matter what their face tells you, no matter what their surface brain might be thinking, their subconscious brain is doing frenzied cartwheels over the fact that a man has actually approved of something they've said.

As time goes on, you might allow them a tiny crack here **and** there about telling you something about yourself. You don't want to over-do it, of course, but every once in a while, you've established your dominance in the relationship, that word, I know, but hey, all human contact creates **relationships**, don't get too nervous, and don't forget the dom-

inance part), feed them questions like:

Does this haircut look all right to you, does this jacket make me look like some kind of faggot, do you think I've been working out too much, et cetera.

This helps draw them closer, making them think you've started respecting their opinion. This is a thrill to all women. And, here's why you do it. You've made them fight and preen and be on their best behavior for every compliment, for every inch of ground they've gained working their way into your life. After all this, after you've allowed them to finally get so close ... well, after **all** ... shouldn't they be letting you get a little closer?

And once again, you're one step nearer to the bedroom door. And remember, getting behind that door is the same thing as gaining mastery of their souls.

OPINIONS GOOD ADVICE BAD

After our talk on accepting/rejecting the opinions of women, it is absolutely imperative that we spend a few moments discussing also the accepting/rejecting of the advice of **women**.

Now, you might not think there is much of a real difference between the two, but believe me, there is. A gigantic one. Opinions are like assholes, everybody has one. Because of this, we all feel a certain tolerance about opinions. The intelligent man tries not to argue about each and every little opinion **that** comes their way, because frankly you'd do nothing but argue all day long.

In other words, you can listen to the stupidest opinion **you've** ever heard and just shrug and say, "well, that's your Pinion, I guess," "everyone's allowed their own opinion, I **suppose,**" "hey, that's what makes horse races," et cetera, and

pretty much no one's feelings get hurt (except for real jerks [or women, so be careful how you toss out your disdain if that world-class stupid opinion is coming from a world-class piece of ass])).

But, advice, well that is a different matter.

When someone offers you advice on something, they are interjecting themselves into your personal affairs. They are, in effect, telling you what to do, how to proceed, how to lead your life, what path to take, They are setting themselves up as someone who knows more than you about your own life. And brother, get used to the fact, right here and now, that women love to give advice. They dish it out morning, noon and night to each other and everything and everyone around them.

Why? Glad you asked.

It's in their DNA. They can't help themselves, the same way we can't help turning our heads to stare at a swell piece of tail even if we have our dream girl on our arm. It's deeply rooted in our basic male nature. Well, slopping out advice at the drop of a hat is just as deeply rooted in theirs.

Women grow up to be mothers. Mothers have to give advice. They have to. Their children do need guidance (hey, even the stupidest woman is probably smarter than the average male six month old [probably])). Mothers have to interject themselves into the lives of their children, tell them what to do, how to proceed, how to lead their lives, and so on. It's their duty to teach them and prepare them, et cetera, for their lives to come.

But, okay, so crapping out advice on every subject is in

their DNA. So what? They make no excuses for us when our **unescapable** biological drives kick in, so there's no reason for **us** to put up with theirs.

Or is there?

Sure there is, and that reason is pussy. We want it, they have it, so we have to put up with a certain amount of non-sense to get it. That's the fact, Jack, and there's no getting around it. With that being settled, here's what to do when a women offers you advice (especially unsolicited advice she just feels she has to blurt out for your own good, because "mommy" knows best).

Just listen to it, nod politely, smile if you can, then just *do whatever you fucking want*.

That should be simple enough to remember.

And really, don't even consider listening to what some bitch has to say about how you should conduct your own affairs. Keep in mind that if you're making fifty million a year off investments, living a life style where you can spend the whole day, every day, with your feet up just enjoying the good life, in the back of her mind, any woman nearby will "know" that if you **would only** "listen to her" that you would be making a hundred million in no time.

Yes, it's true. In some cases listening to a woman's advice **might** make her so pleased with herself that you could slip in **and** nail **her—once**. It can happen.

But, you won't get her again, and most likely you'll just **■** setting yourself on the long, hard road to not-getting-any-from-this-gash—ever.

Accepting women's advice, and I mean, not just nodding pleasantly the way you would if a three year old was giving you advice on how to live your life, but actually following what she had to say, just breeds contempt. Women get their disdain shield up pretty quick toward any man who listens to them. It's a variation on the old Groucho Marx line:

"Personally, I would never belong to any club that would have me as a member."

So, pretend to listen to what they say (because again, you can't shut them up, anyway), but don't follow up. Any guy who does **will** be a broke, blithering idiot in no time.

And in case you haven't noticed, broke blithering idiots rarely get laid.

HOOKERS: GETTING TO KNOW THE ENEMY

Here's another little side note that might be more important than you think at first glance. It's all about getting to know your opponent.

Why is it that lion tamers can walk into a cage filled with ferocious man-killers without batting an eye? How can attack dog trainers get up the nerve to face dogs that have been turned into brutal murder machines every day, day after day, **without** going white with fear? Hell, how do stand-up comics find the nerve to go out on stage to try and convince a wild crowd of slobbering drunks that they're the funniest person in **the** world, and that they deserve wild cheers and applause **rather** than having empty beer bottles chucked at their heads?

Simply put, they've gotten used to it. They've worked at **their** job long enough to know what the dangers are, where the **trouble** may or may not be coming from, et cetera. In other

words, familiarity with their subjects has allowed them to develop an instinct for when they have to be on their guard and when they can relax.

Well, the same thing is absolutely true about handling the wild animals I've been looking to teach you how to dominate. Trust me on this one, sports fans, Bengal tigers, foam-mouthed **Dobermans**, hallucinating drunks, the average female, they're all the same kind of beast. One that has to be understood before it can be told what to do with a snap of the fingers.

In almost all states, prostitutes are as easy to find as hardware stores or bakeries. Most of them advertise in the Yellow Pages these days. The ones you can't **find** there are getting the message out, trust me. And, if a hooker is a little too strong for you right off the bat, there are always massage parlors.

The point is, getting yourself some regular, no-pressure sex, or at least female contact for a while, her hands on your skin, her lips touching whatever it is you want touched, kissed, licked, sucked, whatever (after all, the customer is *always* right) will make you more comfortable around women. Way more comfortable.

No offense to anyone out there, but until you've been laid the way you want to be laid, the way you've always dreamed of it, you're always going to be wondering about, wishing and hoping for, craving after, that which you have always wanted.

Hey, this is nothing to be embarrassed about. You want something you've never had. You want a women to lick out your ass, deep throat you entirely, balls and all, sit on top of

you and whip your chest with her wild, long hair, let you tie her up so you can come in her face and then tell her to lick it off as it drips down out of her eyes (hey, I don't know, it's your fantasy), whatever. Okay, how do you ask someone you've just started dating to do something you're afraid will make her uncomfortable?

You don't know her, know how she'll react, oh, what to do, what to do?

What to do is to shut the fuck up and go ahead any finally just give in and go to a prostitute and **finally** find out whatever it is you've been desiring actually feels like. A **lot** of this need is just in our heads. We want something so bad we can't ask for it without sounding like stammering nitwits. On top of that, since we've never had it done to us, we get this idea in our heads that "no woman would ever do *that*."

Well, there's nothing like putting a pair of handcuffs on a woman, blind-folding her and then riding her like a colt, using her hair as your reins and any hole you can find as your jizz jar to get you over the notion that "no woman would ever do **that**."

Let me give one last example. There was an episode of "Happy Days" where Richie backed himself into a corner with some thugs who promised to beat him up later. Scared, he **went** to the Fonz (of course) for help. Fonzie taught him how to be so cool that anyone would back down. When the thugs show up Richie does everything just like the Fonz said and the **thugs** don't back down. When Richie asks Fonzie why they aren't backing down, the Fonz tells him:

"I guess to make it work you have to have been in at least *one* fight before."

In other words, to be comfortable around women, especially to be comfortable asking for things you think are "going too far," you've got to be around some women who have gone further than you've ever dreamed of going.

Hey, hookers are people, too. We all gotta make a living.

But, more importantly, being able to fearlessly look a woman in the eye when you ask for whatever it is you're going to ask her for, this is the goal. When she gets that shocked look on her face, you have to have on your's the look of a man who knows that her's is the attitude of a little girl who simply hasn't lived. And trust me, brother, you're never going to pull that one off if you haven't done any living yourself.

LYING: SHOULD YOU OR SHOULDN'T YOU?

Well, taking a look at that title, it's clear that here's another big question. Maybe the biggest one we've asked so far. **Lying**—a sin in all **cultures**—otherwise known as the breaking of God's law. In fact, as far as this book is concerned, we're talking the breaking of one of God's commandments in the hopes of getting to break another of God's commandments.

So, should you? Should you actually cast morality to the **winds** and risk the wrath of the Supreme Being just to speed yourself along the way toward getting a piece of tail? And the answer is:

Hell, yes.

What a stupid question. Like the sages told us, "all's fair **in** love and war," and this is seduction, which frankly is both.

And seriously, come on, dude, you're trying to get into

the pants of as many women as possible in as short a time as you can manage. You're not auditioning to be the next **Dali** Lama. Get over yourself, and then get yourself geared toward getting some ass.

Don't forget, women lie all the time. About any and every thing. Without batting an eye. You think not? You think I'm just trying to stack the deck here? Okay, then answer a few questions.

What would you call breast implant jobs if not out and out lies?

What are high heels, those wonderful bits of footwear that make a person stand straighter and which also rearrange their goods into their most attractive arrangements? Notice how women don't wear their heels when they go to the movies with each other. **Nope—the FMs** ("Fuck Me" shoes, ask any woman, they know the code) only come out when the men are going to be around.

And, I mean, come on, guys. What else would you call shit like eye-liner, or foundation and blushes and all the other types of make-up? Or nose jobs, for that matter? Hair rinses and dyes, not to mention curling irons and straightening tools? Colored contact lenses? Padded bras? Ass pads? Girdles?

And talk about sounding old-fashioned. **Girdles—who** am I kidding? You know as well as I that today's women are having operations to remove their lower ribs just so they can look thinner. Breast implants? How about the insane chicks actually having their *lips* implanted just because big lips is the latest sexy thing?

Plain and simple, these are all deceptions. And they are deceptions being made to win the battle of the sexes. Frankly, **Gilligan**, you've better start lying just to get caught up. And for God's sake, don't get hung up on getting caught.

First off, as George Bernard Shaw told us, "most lies are quite successful, and human society would be quite impossible without a great deal of good natured lying." People lie every day. They lie to the IRS, they lie on their resumes, they lie to the cop who pulls them over, to their parents and teachers, **blahblahblahfuckingblah**. You getting the idea yet?

Let's not make a big deal out of this. We all lie. Every time we turn around. Don't get caught up in some tizzy about wanting to be honest with the woman you're with. You're not looking for long-term relationships here. This is one night stand city we're jawing about. Two or three times if she's got an ass that won't quit, or she makes some kind of high pitched squeal that really turns you on when you flip her over for seconds. But hey, that's about it.

When you're ready to settle down with someone with a white picket fence and a dog to raise kids and shuffle off into old fogeydom, paying bills and being faithful and waiting for a quick death to put you out of your misery, then you have all the time in the world to be honest and up front about every-**thing**. But, right now, while you're still looking for all the tail you can nail, do yourself a favor and treat the truth as a quite **bendable** proposition.

And, do indeed understand that *bending* the truth is all **you** want to do to it. Don't be a shmuck standing there in your

off-the-rack suit and be bragging about you're millions, driving a damn **Kia** and spouting off about your fantastic political or entertainment connections. You want to get laid, not laughed at.

Let your compliments slide over into flattery and then into outright lying in you have to. Never be afraid to agree with them when it comes to how good they look, how nice their new dress is, et cetera. I mean, they own a mirror. They know just what they look like. If they're already lying to themselves, shamelessly reinforce it. After all, as they tell us in this new politically correct world, you wouldn't want to be judgmental, would you?

And feel free to let them lie to themselves. What do I mean? Simple. When they start exaggerating you in their own mind, go ahead and agree with them. Agree with them with silence when you can (she says "I'm thinking you're a lot richer [or anything in place of '**richer**'] than you let on, aren't you?" And you just roll your eyes and look at the ceiling, semi-embarrassed). Women love to be right, even if they have to contradict the facts right in front of their faces and lie to themselves to do it.

And, when they ask you if you respect them, if you're going to call the next day, if you think they're a slut for putting out on the first date, Jesus Christ almighty, gentlemen—*lie yourfucking asses off.*

Okay?

Remember, little lies. Intelligent lies. You'll get as much mileage out of them (sometimes more) as you will with **flow-**

ers, candy or jewelry. As churchman Samuel Butler himself put it, "the best liar is he who makes the smallest amount of lying go the longest way."

After all, you wouldn't want to argue with a man of the cloth, would you?

CAN YOU DO ME... A FAVOR?

Okay, everybody, listen up. This section shouldn't be all that hard for anyone out there to figure out. Tell me now, class, should you do favors for a woman or not? What's the answer?

Those that said "yes," after all I've tried to teach you, go out and smack yourselves in the head. Do it with a brick. Those that said "no," you can take a gold star from the box on my desk.

All right, I'm sure a few of you are wondering about this one. Not do a woman a favor? Why not? I'm trying to get in good, I want to get laid, I want her to owe me something. This **doesn't** make any sense.

All I can say in response is, you've been doing them favors trying to get into their booty box all of your life, and well has that been working for you *so far*?

Yeah. That's what I thought.

Once again, try to remember that I've spent years studying every aspect of how this works. Believe it or not, *you're* the one who has to start getting favors from her right from the beginning. Now, we're not talking, paint my apartment, wash my car, kinds of favors. No, you can be a bit more subtle than that.

I'm talking about working on the simple things in life. Watch my cigarettes, will you? Hey, hand me a napkin? You have a **kleenex** in your purse; let me have one, will you? Little things.

There are two reasons for this. First off, you want to get her in the habit of doing things for you. You want her agreeable to your suggestions, requests, needs, et cetera. You want to get a pattern established of *her doing things for you*—got it?

You are out to control her physically and mentally, right? Ultimately you want to be able to dominate the woman you approach in every and all ways. Well, such control comes slowly, and every little thing you can do to break down her shields, to put yourself into the driver's seat, is absolutely worth doing.

The second reason for this is that you want to avoid doing things for her. Understand, once you start doing things for a woman, even the smallest things, it's only going to be a matter of minutes before her mental image of you is going to be one of you with the word *loser* written across your forehead in bright, metal-flake, candy red **letters**—ones that blink on and

off and that glow in the dark.

And believe me, she'll have you washing her car, painting her apartment, walking her dog, doing her grocery shopping, taking her clothes to the cleaners and anything else she can think of, the instant she senses she has that power over you. In fact, you'll be fumbling for your key to her apartment, thinking you're some kind of conquering hero for having one, her fresh fruit, skim milk and yogurt in one hand, her mail in the other, and the hangers holding her dry cleaning in your teeth before you know it. And, most likely when you get inside, you'll be inconveniencing her by asking where you should put things, meaning that she'll have to stop sucking some real man's dick for a moment to tell you where to put things before she gets back to drinking his cum like lemonade.

And you, you boob, you'll be chuckling to yourself on how great it was to get over on that other guy because you interrupted his blow job. This is not the life you signed on for, okay?

So, do yourself a favor, and make sure that *all* the favors that get done in any relationship are only the ones that she is doing for you.

WHEN YOU TALK ... TALK SEXY

Here's a short one. If you want to know how to get through to a woman, take a tip from the pros. Every year corporations pour billions into research for their advertising. Billions. Their R&D people have examined men and women from every single angle. Every commercial made that is aimed directly at either of the sexes has decades of research to back it up.

These guys have us broken down into a hundred different categories. And they use them to devastating effect. After all, they sell their crap, don't they? And they sell it exactly to whomever they want to sell it.

So, do yourself a favor and look at how they pitch to young, good-looking women. They constantly compliment them in the most obvious ways possible. They talk about having young breasts, long, smooth legs, a great ass, buns of

steel, perfect stomachs, et cetera. They aren't ashamed or afraid to come right out and say things, and if they aren't worried, you shouldn't be, either.

But, this doesn't mean that you should stand against a building shouting at each woman that goes by like some kind of construction asshole ("holy fuck, mama, you got the greatest ass in history," or "crap, are those tits or **watermelons?**").

Think a bit first.

As I told you earlier, women want a confident man. If you're not comfortable talking this way, you're not going to be confident talking this way. Indeed, all of the advice in this book should be thought of in the same way. I told you earlier that the way to be confident is to be comfortable with yourself, and to let the real you show through. Once you've learned to do this, then you just have to teach yourself to do the things I'm telling you to do.

In other words, let's say you're a really shy guy, okay? You could no more lean out of a car window and slam your fist against the door panel, shouting, "woo, woo, hutchawutcha, cha cha, **baby—do** me, mama!" than you could machine gun a playground full of school children. That's fine. Honestly That is no problem.

All you have to do is let the conversation go along something like this:

"Oh, ah, excuse me."

"What?"

"I'm sorry, it's just, well, I've just never seen anyone who looked so beautiful before. Ah, I mean in real life, you know.

It's just that you're so, well so ... amazing ... your body, it's so perfect ... but, I should stop. I'm sorry. I'm probably embarrassing you."

Oh yeah, right, *sure* you are. That's what she was feeling, *embarrassed*.

Give me a break.

As I explained to you earlier, all women are compliment junkies. They need to hear positive things about themselves the way houseplants need **water**—and they need it more often. And if after all the work they put in, dieting and exercising, denying themselves their beloved chocolate and other wonderful things, if you think for a moment that they don't want to hear about **it**—**endlessly**, you are as sadly mistaken as you can get.

Women want to be told that their breasts are the most dazzling pair the planet has to offer. They want to believe that their legs are unbelievably, that their ass is worth going to war over, and all the rest. And the truth is, they don't mind in the least when a construction site grinds to a stand-still, girders hanging in mid-air, cement-mixers spinning uselessly, and so on, just so all the workers therein can start screaming about how fucking terrific she is. The only difference is, they have to pretend to be shocked, so construction workers never get laid by the women passing by, no matter how much they love the compliments they're getting.

But you, now you're a different story. As long as you **eliver** whatever it is you want to say with sincere conviction, in a manner that she knows is definitely *you* and not some

cheesy come-on, well, get ready to jump their bones because **you'll** be hurling yourself through the air sooner than you think.

But remember, you've got to keep a rein on those compliments. Your ultimate goal here is to dominate these women. Just like the non-sexy compliments, they're all being given out for effect, only.

Once you've gotten her used to them, they have to be limited, discontinued, just like the others. Once you start letting them slide, she has to start thinking that suddenly she doesn't seem sexy to you anymore. That's when she'll start pulling out the stops in bed, desperate to hear that you still think **she's** sexy.

And that's when you will totally dominate a woman. For, when they start throwing their bodies at you, that's when you own their souls.

A CAUTIONARY NOTE: NAKED BEGGARS ARE GREEDY

Earlier I told you that if you needed to get yourself some experience with women you shouldn't be afraid to go to a prostitute or two. Still true, no one can get your confidence going like some gash angling for a tip. Still think I'm wrong, watch your waitress next time you go out to eat. See how different she acts when she doing her act to get you to leave that big gratuity, and after she sees how much making nice-nice to you was worth. Leave her a wad and she'll be memorizing your face so she can fight the other tramps off when you come back. Stiff her and she'll be looking to bounce a sugar bowl off the back of your head.

The point I'm trying to make here is that, yes, of course, **whores** will make you feel great about yourself and confident toward making that bold next step. This is why father's used to take their sons to prostitutes. It was a rite of passage, one

that de-mystified sex, letting them see that it was no big deal, so they could get their little boys back on track. It also had something to do with teaching their sons something about the kinds of women they **didn't** want to marry, but let's stay focused.

The thing that you *don't* want to do, *under any circumstances whatsoever* is to confuse the issue in reverse. In other words, you don't want to start thinking of strippers or prostitutes or whoever you go to as "women." These are not girls you date, these are hard-core bitches who will take you for a ride faster than you can think about it.

They are **whores**—okay? They lie for a living.

"Oh, baby, you're the best. You're so big. Oh, it's never been like this with any man before. Oh God, you're so awesome."

Yeah, sure.

This is just more waitress talk. This is angling for a bigger tip, and nothing more. Fall for this set-up and they will take you for everything you have. Strippers are especially adept at tricking men out of their money, their cars, their apartments, everything, whatever they can possibly get their hands on. Trust me, John the Baptist wasn't the first man to lose his head over a table dancer, and he wasn't the last.

Rule #1 with anyone in these professions: you pay them what you're supposed to pay them, and not one cent more. Do anything different, and you'll not only lose everything from your bank account to your first run collection of the Amazing Spider-Man, but you will also find yourself out of the running

for ever getting laid by one of them for free.

And trust me, strippers and whores like to get laid, too. But, you say, whores get laid twenty-four hours a day, don't they? Yeah, sure, but you're not thinking. When they're on the job, they're not sucking dick out of love, they're sucking it because every ounce of cum they guzzle is paying the rent, buying piano lessons for their kid, putting gas in the tank, et cetera.

There is no love involved. There is no joy. In fact, having mindless, endless sex with men who mean nothing to them, and to whom *they* mean nothing is terribly hurtful to most women. Giving away (well, okay, selling) that which is supposed to be their most precious thing, hardens these women in a way you can't possibly imagine. If you have any fantasies about ever having sex with a bar dancer or hooker where you're not paying out a king's ransom, start taking some notes.

You want to enter a strip club acting cool. Not swinging your head in every direction, trying to make sure you see every free second of tit you can. This pegs you as a loser and they will all be looking to rob you blind. No, you want to come in confidently aloof. To you it's just another bar. You're not a fag. You can appreciate the sight of a well-shaped breast **when** it comes your way. But, do it without drooling, Okay?

Just remember your lessons so far. Be confident. Give out **a** compliment or two. But, under no **circumstances**—give out **no** favors. Favors are what they do for you.

I can not emphasize this enough. These women are as

hard as steel and have balls the size of coconuts. Mess with them at your own risk. The rewards can be great, but only if you never for a moment fall into the trap of believing your own press.

'Cause these bitches will tear out your heart and eat it just for the laughs. Well, okay, they'll do it for the taste of the blood and the protein in the meat, but it'll mostly be for the laughs.

And you'll be dead.

A WHET STONE FOR YOUR **SEDUCTIVE** EDGE: THE POWER MOVE

Well, I sharpened one side of your seduction sword when I explained how to get women used to doing you favors instead of the typical other way around. There's something that goes hand in hand with that one, and, believe it or not, it's giving women orders.

Okay, I can here you all now, quavering in your politically correct boots. Turning white with fear, you'll all shouting;

"What the living hell are you babbling about, **Brodsky?**

Nobody, but *nobody* gives a woman an order in this enlightened and age. That's suicide. Are you just a crazy man, or what?"

Well, if you believe that crap, why don't you just use this to light a fire that you can throw all your slacks and leans on, because obviously we've got to get you sized for **ome** nice party dresses. By now you should know that I have an angle, and that I'm always going to pass it

along to you. Here's this one.

It's called, "**The** Power Move," and it is a can't miss wonder that works every time.

Once again, you've got to get them used to these things in increments. If you want them washing your car and painting your apartment, you start out by asking them to watch your cigarettes or to tell you the time. If you want to be able to give a woman orders, you don't start at the top by slapping her in the head and then commanding her to rub you down with baby oil and then to play slip & slide on your chest. You start with the simple things.

You're with your hopeful conquest on a date. She's wants to sit down. She's going to sit down. When you can see that in her mind a light is about to go off and she is going to do something, tell her to do it. In this case, politely suggest that she take a seat.

"Go ahead," you allow her, "take a seat."

Your wording is subtle, of course, but it's still an order. She's going to order a drink, you use the exact same drill.

"Go ahead," you allow her, "have a drink."

Remember, you've got to give these types of commands at least a split second before the thought to do what you're going to order them to do anyway comes into the woman's brain. If you can pull the timing off on this one, it will endow you with an unbelievably seductive edge that will start bending your intended conquest's will toward yours from the very start.

The Power Move is a tricky one, I'll admit it. You're *after* a subliminal effect, and so you've got to be both cool and

charming as well as nonchalant while you're working this dodge. The Power Move is also obviously one that it would be **dangerous** to overuse, but if you can get the knack for this one, you'll be banging babes like a carpenter does nails, and the whole dating scene will be your work bench.

MAKE 'EM LAUGH OR: THE SEDUCTIVE POWER OF HUMOR

Those who know me or who have read my other books are aware that I call a good sense of humor Verbal Spanish Fly. Absolutely nothing works better at opening up a conversation, putting chicks at ease or uncrossing their legs. Having a good sense of humor is mental dynamite. There isn't a part of your life from the cradle to the grave that it can't help with, but this is one of the places where having one is almost a necessity.

Why? Let's go into it a bit.

No woman I have ever met has ever been able to resist a good sense of humor. If you've got them laughing, it keeps things light, it keeps things moving, bouncing along, light and breezy, and best of all ...

It turns women on!

How? Because it gives you something to bond over. Once

you've got them laughing, laughing out loud, you've opened their mouth. Woman like to keep up their shields. Hell, we all do. The mouth is the gateway to the body, and once it's open wide, well, anything (like you're fat, hairy dick, for one thing) could end up inside.

Moreover, in the back of her mind, the two of you are subtly becoming one person. He must be all right, we laugh at the same things. We're enjoying ourselves together. He's not putting any pressure on me, he's making this so easy, I'm enjoying myself.

Also, think of the classic lines you've heard a thousand and one times in movies on the television and in real life. Things like:

I like him, he's funny. He makes me **laugh**. He makes me happy. I have a good time with him.

Note the progression, how making a woman laugh makes everything seem better. This has to be a no-brainer for all you guys, so far, but here's the subtle part, the numero duo of this **one-two** punch.

When the two of you are laughing at your tremendous wit, this gives you the golden opportunity to touch your chuckling companion. Now, I'm not talking leg squeezes or breast fondling, obviously. But, just as you would a guy, this is the time for slaps on the back (gently, you boobs), quick touches on the shoulder or arms. Friendly. Positive. In other words, what you are doing in effect is planting the idea in her mind that:

Hey, we're all friends here, having a good time, making

physical contact. Indeed, what could be more natural than me touching you? Let's laugh and touch each other some more. In fact, let's laugh harder.

Now, of course, here comes the hard part. What about you guys who don't naturally have a sense of humor? Hey, even Jim Carrey wasn't born making people laugh. Everyone has to learn how to do it. We all have our jokes, our routines, those funny bits that only work for us. What you have to do is to discover what yours are.

Once again, we go back to the idea of you being comfortable with **yourself**. Your confidence rises as you stop trying to be something other than what you are. Don't try to be funny in some way that makes you seem pathetic. Be funny in the way that you *know* works for you.

And, all right, you're the one guy who isn't funny in any way, shape or form. Never have been, and you think you never **will** be. **Well**, get over that. As the great **Flaubert** once said;

"A thing derided is a thing dead; a laughing man is stronger than a suffering man."

No one is asking you to turn into Milton **Berle** or Chris Rock overnight. But, you can steal his jokes. Start memorizing the best stuff you can find. And you don't have to lie about it.

Don't play the fool and pretend you're making all these great up. Nobody cares. All people **love** to laugh. Just say that just heard a tremendous joke, or that you have a great that the situation the two of you are in reminds you **of—whatever**—it really doesn't matter. Just get her laughing.

And—as with anything else in your life you're trying to

learn to do right—practice. Tell these jokes of yours over and over until you **don't** stutter or stumble. Make sure you get to the point where the punchlines come out smooth. After all, you want them laughing at the jokes, not at you. But, once you have your routine down, you'll be well on your way to having them go down.

And, once you have them laughing, and trusting you as someone who thinks like them, you're well on your way to having them **slip** under your complete control. Nothing gives you power in a relationship like the ability to make the other party laugh. No matter what they might want to rebel against, it's always hard to give a clown trouble. And, no one wants to risk chasing away that which makes them laugh (i.e.; that which makes them happy).

And again, trust me on this. They say laughter is the best medicine. Well, that may be, but a good blow job cures all sorts of ills, too. Oh, *yeah!*

CHARM: YA GOTTA HAVE IT

All right. We've tackled some big things here so far, adding ammunition to your seductive arsenal you probably never thought you could master (at least not this easily, right, **guys?**). Now we're going to tackle one that, sadly, there are no short-cuts toward obtaining.

Charm.

Now, I can hear you groaning and gnashing your teeth already. What? The great **Brotsky** can't just snap his fingers **and** grant me charm? What kind of rip off is this? Calm down, **Bunkie**. I'm here to teach you all I can about the subtle arts of and domination.

Some things are easy. Some things are simple. Some there are, indeed, tricks for. But for some, sadly, there **isn't** aren't. I can't snap my fingers and make your dick any **longer**, either. Deal with it, **Oswald**.

It is certainly true that those people who know how to exploit their natural charm do have it made. Indeed, "charming people," as Logan **Pearsall** Smith told us, "live up to the very edge of their charm, and behave as outrageously as the world will let them." But, note the wording of that first sentence. The most important segment of it is ... those people who know how to exploit their natural charm do have it made. Their "natural charm." Does this mean that they have it and that you don't? A lot of you have probably been telling yourself just **this—that's** it's all those other guys who have all the charm, leaving none for you.

Awwwww, let's have a pity party, one, two, three ... poor baby. Him feeling so sorry for himself.

Everybody has charm, you **goofballs**. Charm is natural to *all of us*. Some guys have just cultivated theirs longer and know how to *exploit* it better. That's all there is to it. So, how can you start being more charming right away? Hell, I've been telling you all throughout this book, but I'll be happy to say it again.

Be yourself. Be a man and be damn proud of it. Do not, under any circumstances, apologize for having a dick. Don't go around unzipped with your wanger hanging out for all the world to see. That's not charming. But, don't be ashamed of having one, either. Be proud of who you are and what you do. No matter what or who you are, even if you're "only" a dishwasher or a garbage man or a black jack dealer, a used car salesman, a caddy or a street cleaner, be proud of who you are and what you do.

Now, if you're not proud of who you are and what you do, perhaps you're doing something wrong. Dress better at work. Don't slack off. It's hard to be proud of yourself if **you're** not presenting yourself to the world in any fashion that you have a right to be proud of, you know.

Women can sense what's going on inside a man. If you're not actually proud of yourself, you'll never be able to convince her that she should be proud of you, be proud to be seen with you, to let her friends know she thinks your dick is tasty and that she'll scratch out the eyes of any of them that says different.

A man who is honestly proud of himself and the way he deals with the world can't help but attract female attention. So many guys are beaten down by this Hellish modern world we've created for ourselves that it's pathetic. This is why a guy with simple, honest pride in himself is a lightning rod for women in today's society. Women want a man they can be proud of (hey, think of it the other way **around—do** you want to walk into a club, one where all your friends are waiting, with a woman on your arm that frankly you're ashamed to be seen with? Of course not. Well, the same goes for her, ya moron).

Women want someone they think they can rely on. Men **that** can be relied on are given what they want. And in case you didn't know it, getting what you want is *charm*. Albert Camus said it best when he wrote, "you know what charm is: **the way** of getting the answer yes without having asked any dear question."

Charm isn't exaggerated manners, or acting like some 1940s Latin lover. Being charming simply means acting in a manner that gets you what you want. Stop thinking of charm as something phoney that only oily fakes use. We all use it. Half of the advice in this book is all about how to be charming.

Remember you're eighty-six year old aunt Edwenia? Well, do you want that big ass corner piece with the hard sugar **creme** filled flowers or don't you? Of course you do. Well then, once again, we're back to the exact same point.

You have to be yourself. You have to be confident. A confident man believes in himself. A man who believes in himself has nothing to hide. So you wash dishes for a living. So what? If you're ashamed of it, so will be everyone around you. If you're not, you force others to your point of view. But if you're proud of who you are and what you do, **you'll** be confident about yourself.

A confident man can make compliments and not seem phoney. He must mean what he says. Listen to the way he talks. You just know he means it. A confident man can give orders and get away with it. A confident man can get women to do things for him.

And why? Because, and this is one of the last times I'm going to try and drill this into your heads, because so few people have real confidence in this world that when it shows up it turns heads. Especially female ones (well, to be fair theirs turn easier because they're so much lighter than ours, but you get my drift).

All women are dying to be charmed by their perfect man. That's why they talk about waiting for Prince Charming. Well, **think** about the story that guy showed up in for a moment. **What** was so "charming" about him? All he does is ride up, **kiss** a woman he thinks is dead, and then ride off with her when she wakes up. What's the big deal? What did he do, really?

I'll tell you.

He didn't ride past. He didn't shrug his shoulders. He took an interest. He was so struck by this woman's beauty, that he had to have her, even if she was dead. Think about this scene for a second. He wanted her so bad he opened her coffin and kissed her. Any guy who is willing to go to those lengths for what he wants is certainly confident in himself. And **ol'** Sleeping Beauty, I guess she knew a good thing when she tasted it, **'cause** didn't she latch onto that boy in a fucking hurry.

§ ANYTHING YOU SAY CAN AND *WILL* BE HELD AGAINST YOU

Let's hear that famous quote again: "All's fair in love and war." True words. I'd never think to argue with them. Anything is fair, no matter which side has the ammo or who they decide to clobber with it. These are just the facts of **war—any** war, including the war between the **sexes—sad** as they may be.

I use the word "sad" because, as much as I'd like to tell you otherwise, there *is* one arena where women will win each and every time that you let them get their gloves on and get **anywhere** near stepping into the ring. And that arena, my good friends, is the argument. Or as women call it: the discussion.

All she wants to do is have a talk, right? A friendly chat. **Run** for it. Cut it short. Take her out to dinner instead, take her dancing, seize the massive, untapped power of your brain and **use** it to rupture your own appendix. Trust me, racing to the

hospital in the back of an ambulance, your guts on fire and your world in pain, is a one hundred and twenty times better experience than having to endure the exquisite tortures of a woman's thought patterns, or what they jokingly refer to as *logic*.

Let me give you an example.

You promise your intended sacrificial virgin a trip to the beach. You've got the blankets and big umbrella in the car, the cooler is packed with beer, the lunch bag is stuffed with sandwiches, deviled eggs and chips. Everything is perfect. You've got your bathing suit on under your jeans and you're reaching for the car keys when suddenly the television announces that there is a hurricane approaching from the south that is expected to hit about ten minutes after you would arrive. What do you do?

Of course, wisely (being a man), you decide that it's probably not the best day to go to the beach and you cancel the trip. You explain to your honeybunch that with a hurricane coming you thought you should have an indoor picnic instead, because you love her too much to have her drown, and she tells you how wise and wonderful you are and all is wonderful. Until, of course, she gets any kind of bone stuck up her ass about you. About you or anything.

Then, all you're going to hear about is what a dipwad you are. And, what will her proof be? Every stupid thing she can think of, no matter how irrelevant it might be to the subject at hand, especially that day you promised to take her to the *beach—and then you didn't!*

No, suddenly it doesn't matter that you didn't take her to the beach because you were *saving her fucking life*. So what? So you made it up to her in a totally romantic way that thrilled her at the moment. Big deal. Doesn't count now. Why not? Because you broke your promise you lying sack of shit, and now I hate you. Everything bad in the whole goddamned universe is *your* fault.

Let the slightest damn thing upset a **woman—anything—**her job, her friends, her damn stupid piece of shit cat; if she ruins a meal, breaks a nail, loses a piece of jewelry, misplaces her **datebook—whatever—well**, here is exactly what is going to **happen**.

She will immediately have to find someone else to blame for her misfortune (and guess who is almost always going to be their first choice? That's right—it's *you*). No matter what the truth of the matter really is, women are totally incapable of accepting responsibility for their decisions. No matter how obviously she is wrong, and no matter how little (if anything at *all*) you have to do with the matter, this thing that has her so **flummexed** will still be your fault. Why? Because, didn't you know, as a man, you're her fucking emotional garbage can. That's what she's been trained to believe since birth, and if you don't tell her any different, well, why shouldn't she believe it?

All their lives, they've watched their mothers do this to **their** fathers. Their older sisters and friends all do it. Every **miserable** sit-com and movie bitch does it to the men in their lives. Hollywood is one of our greatest enemies in the never-

ending war of the sexes. Since they know that women control nearly 80% of what gets watched on TV and what movie tickets get purchased, the Left Coast is always ready to preach from their stinking feminist bibles that all men are scum and that everything is always their fault. Women, being naturally illogical to begin with, buy into this line of crap hook, line and sinker.

So, what can you do? What General Custer should have done. When faced with a savage mentality, don't assume that logic will win out in the end. Do not go there. Do not even try. As always, first tell them the truth. Give her one of these easy to remember **phrases**:

"I can't talk to you when you get this way."

"There's no reasoning with you."

"Man, smart as you are, the second you get a bug up your ass you start jabbering like an idiot."

"Do you know how stupid you sound at this moment? And to think I first got interested in you because I thought you had a brain."

And then, you follow it up by grabbing your coat and your smokes and heading for the door, tossing over your shoulder something like:

"Hey, I'll be back when you decide to turn your brain back on."

"Call me when the bitch pill wears off."

"I'm out of here."

"Later."

You may think there isn't anything clever in the above,

that somehow it's unmanly to walk out on a fight, or that you're just postponing the inevitable, but this isn't the case. Women are like children in these matters. After they calm down, yes you're going to have to answer for walking out, but what you do by walking out is *actually give her something to be mad about*.

Yeah, I can hear you. How can this be smart? Allow me to educate you.

Before, your cutie is screaming bloody murder because she needs someone to take the blame for whatever it is that has her upset. You refuse to take that blame (and there's a tremendously important reason you refuse, which we'll get to in a moment) and you leave her to stew in her own juices. Believe it or not, deep down in her subconscious, she knows she's wrong.

But, being female, and being incapable of admitting that, she attacked you, instead. This is her making an attempt to dominate **you!** If you had stayed and tried to argue, she would just have gotten madder and madder because you would have given her a target against which to throw her foolishness.

By leaving, you take away her intended target. Now, she either has to find someone that isn't you to attack, or she has to face the mirror and see where the real problem is. Either **way**, the nonsense argument, the one that can *never* be resolved, gets taken out of your court.

Later, when you two are together again, on the phone, in **person**, whatever, all you have to make up for is the walking **out**. Since this is *actually something you really did*, it's far

easier for her to forgive you. Understand, she can't forgive you for whatever originally got her upset because internally she knows you didn't do anything. So, her conscious mind just keeps attacking you to mask her own fear of being an asshole. By walking out and giving her time to cool off, you maintain your male aloofness, *your dominance of the situation*. This way you stay above her petty nonsense, and you keep all of the holds over her that you've established so far.

The most important reason for this is that if you start to argue with a woman about her fantasy complaints, trying to rationalize with her, you fall into the trap she's created for both of you. Women are constantly searching for the man that is going to take them in hand and shut them up. When you start to argue with a woman over something that makes no sense in the first place, to the woman, you start to sound just like *another* woman.

Get it? You absolutely can not argue with a woman because to do so is to lose all of your masculine power over her. Women don't like other women. Outside of lesbians (and most of them are really just waiting for the right dick to come along anyway), women don't want another woman in their bed. You start acting like one, and they're not going to want you there, either.

But, act like a man, be a man, and they'll recognize it soon enough and suddenly you'll start enjoying a man's rewards.

FIRST CONTACT: REACHING OUT TO THAT ALIEN SPECIES

Okay now, earlier we talked about going to a prostitute if you have to just to get used to the idea of touching women. All right, let's follow up on that. Let's say it's all been done. You've had some lap dances, watch some pole dancers, played chess on some whore's stomach, eaten blueberry pancakes off her tan, firm ass, et cetera, and never once allowed a one of them to get anything out of you that they didn't deserve. Now, as good old Aunt Edwenia might say, you're ready for a "nice" girl.

In case you didn't know it, Chumley, once you and your rent-a-slut have done the Big Dirty, that doesn't mean you taow anything about making contact with women who aren't holding out their hand for your Master Card at the end of a . In other words, you may be comfortable with the idea of women now, but you can't be taking the same

approach. Not as long as they still allow women access to lawyers you can't, anyway.

No, once again, you've got to learn a new set of tricks. Luckily, you've got Uncle Gary here to help out. Hey, what are friends for?

Believe it or not, a kiss on the hand can work wonders. What you have to do is make that bit of 17th century nonsense seem as corny as possible. Act it up. You are the great lover, the French baron, and she is the most beautiful woman you have ever seen. Her radiance blinds you. You have never known such a magnificent creature, and if you could but approach her and not be rejected, you could die happily. You kiss her hand with a flourish, and then laugh along with her about what a clown you are.

You are, of course, not taking any of this seriously. You're kidding around, joking it up, just teasing, goofing on her, et cetera. But, if through all the laughter she asks how you really feel, suddenly you're all shy and coy. In other words, what you are telling her is that, yeah, sure, you were being silly just to amuse her. But as for what you said, well, that was all real.

A compliment delivered and physical contact. You set yourself up as a gentleman as well as gallant. You've shown that you really have feelings for her, and that you can make her laugh. You've also let her know that even when you touch a woman, you do it, not only without slobbering, but with class.

So, what do we have on the tally sheet? We have that you've touched this one, kissed her even, and still remain

indifferent. No matter what the surface woman sees, the sub-conscious woman starts to melt at all the incredible signals you've just send.

And, this isn't the only trick like this. Not be far. Let me throw out a few more (without all the **explanation—I'm** sure you can start figuring out what makes these routines work after all the lectures you've been given so **far—right, guys?**).

Try kissing the end of your finger and then touching that finger to their nose. Not a big, sloppy, sucking kiss. Just a peck. They love it. It's affectionate. It's playful. It's restrained. It makes them warm all over, especially where only you can take care of the heat.

When the two of you are getting ready to stand up and finally leave the dinner table, or maybe switch seats at a **theater—whatever—take** her hand as a way of giving her directions. You're taking charge, giving her a non-verbal order, and making physical contact all at the same time. Don't hang onto her hand as if you're going to start strolling down the beach or something, just enough to get her pointed in the right direction. After all, that's what a dominate male is **for—right?**

You have to leave her alone for a minute, to go pay the check, to go to the **bathroom—again, whatever—when you return,** take her shoulders in your hands and give her the **gentlest** of massage style moves. You don't make contact for long, **and** you cover yourself by asking something like, "are we **having** fun yet," or "miss me," whatever feels appropriate for the **moment.**

Again, you've made contact, given her a chance to voice

an opinion that you can easily control, and made a subconscious promise that you are attentive to her needs (willing to give her a back rub if she needs it, without actually saying aloud you would ever be so accommodating. In other words, it's all in her mind). Again, it's all subconscious, but it works.

Remember, keep the contacts brief. You're not groping her, you're just being friendly. Simple human contact. She'll get used to it soon enough, and like the cats women love, she'll want and start to actively encourage more stroking as soon as she sees you're too much of a gentleman (okay, stop laughing, you guys) to paw her up.

Sigh—the things we have to do.

HOLDING HANDS: JUST A NOTE

Hey, all right; let's say you're finally taking that walk along the beach, or just a walk **anywhere**. This is when men and women hold hands, when they're walking along together side by side. It may seem like a simple thing, but it isn't. Here's why.

The human hand is filled with more nerve endings and sensors than any other part of the body. **Yes—your** sense of touch extends throughout every part of your body, but it's strongest in your hands. Thus, when you take a woman's hand and hold it for more than a few seconds, both of you are going to get a flood of sensations from the other.

Now, I don't want to sound like I'm going all "Twilight **Zone**" here on you or anything, but this is the kind of thing fortune tellers use to keep themselves in business. When you **make** contact with this babe, deep down in the back of your

mind, your subconscious is going to be picking up a shit load of information about how she feels, how horny she is, if she wants you to come on stronger, what's she's **thinking**—everything. And, of course, she's going to be getting the same kinds of readings off of you.

Now, this isn't like some sci fi movie. You're little internal computer isn't going to be reading you off exact statistics in the voice of the Enterprise computer or anything. But, you are going to be getting signals, and like I said, so is she. What all of this boils down to is that you've got to treat holding hands as if it were important because, guess what?

It is.

If you do it walking, sitting next to each other on a couch watching TV, over the dinner table, whatever, this is a big thing to chicks, and you've got to be prepared for their reaction. If they cozy up to the idea, solid Jackson. You've got it made. But, if they shudder and break contact, go with it.

Do not argue the point or get offended.

Women put a tremendous amount of faith in their impressions and their intuition and the such (they have to, don't they? I mean, what with that *not being able to think logically* thing they've got going for them). If they pull away or give you *any sign whatsoever* that they're not comfortable, just break contact as if that few seconds of contact you did get was all you had in mind.

If they question why you broke contact, feed them some crap like: "Oh, well, I like you and all, but I didn't want to come on too strong," "I didn't want to make you **uncomfort-**

able," anything.

Never argue if they reject this contact. Don't get your pride in a ruffle or upset in any way. If you do, again you're acting like a woman and allowing your feelings to trump your logic. Women don't want to suck another woman's dick, so make like you have one and accept her feelings on this one. Holding hands is a *big* deal to women, trust me on this one, so play it their way.

After all, make them comfortable around you, and you'll be getting your paws on something more than their hands in no time, you dirty dog, and isn't that what you really want?

Okay, then.

FIRST THE HANDS THEN THE FEET

All right, that wasn't so hard. Here's another one that really should be a no-brainer.

Women love foot massages. There are some real reasons for this. First off, a lot of women still wear the kinds of shoes that play hell with their feet. High heels were not designed for anything like comfort. I accepted this fact from the first time I heard it (I mean, just *look* at the damn things). But, if you need convincing, try a pair on. Then walk around for a minute. Then think about the woman you're hoping to jump walking around in them for hours, and get yourself a clue.

Secondly, a lot of women's jobs keep them on their feet all day. Hey, yeah, so do a lot of our jobs keep us up on ours, but no one cares about our feelings, and we get to wear sensible shoes while we do it.

Anyway, if you've there on the couch together and the

positioning is right so that you can pull this one off without going through some kind of Three Stooges/falling over and knocking yourself in the **head/physical** comedy routine, here's what you do. You reach down and flip off her shoe and let her know you're going to give her the greatest foot massage of all time.

Most women won't question a deal like this for a moment. But, if you do get one who wants to know what you're up to, just let her know that it's only fair. After all, if she's willing to wear high heels for you, it's the least you can do for her. After all, you tell her with all the sincerity you can manufacture, you know she works hard and deserves a little pampering, whatever.

Now, under *no circumstances whatsoever* should you start tickling her foot. Yeah, I know it's great fun, but women really hate that shit. Later on, after you've got a relationship going you can chance stuff like that, and once you've got complete control over her, who cares what she thinks about anything, but tickling their feet is not something you should be trying in the beginning. Now you're looking toward being thought of as caring and understanding and gentle and all kinds of other Doctor Quinn, Medicine Woman happy horseshit.

Anyway, you want to take her foot with a strong, firm grip. Not a killer grip like she has no choice in the matter. No, a firm grip that says you're in charge, you know what you're doing, she's in strong, safe hands, et cetera. Then, you turn on the muscle power, finding out what she likes, does she need more on the toes or the heel, how's her instep feel, and so on.

You work this foot as long as she needs it and you give her all she wants. Why? I'll tell you.

First and foremost, you're making physical contact. Long and hard. Touching and pushing and pulling and rubbing and stroking. You're getting her used to your flesh touching hers. This is always good.

You're also getting her used to the idea of you initiating contact between the two of you. This can't hurt, either. Remember, this foot rub was your idea, not hers.

Now, what if she's not wearing a pair of shoes that come off easily? Or what if she's wearing stockings (panty **hose**)? What do you do?

Simple. You just ask her if she'd like the greatest foot massage of all time. If she says "no," oh well. But, if like 99% of all women she says "yes," then she's got to do the undressing. Which means, cousin, that you've got her happy with the idea of stripping for you.

Hey, I know it doesn't seem like anything to us. Getting her shoes off of her. Oh, wow. Big, hairy deal. So what? Trust me, you're thinking like a guy here, again. And, where as there's nothing wrong with thinking like a guy, you've also got to know the enemy. I mean, why does a forensic scientist, or an FBI profiler, spend days putting themselves into the mindset of a murderer or rapist? They're trying to figure out how they think. Granted, you're never going to understand female logic because as we all know that's a contradiction in terms, but still, if you want to get over on a woman, you're going to have to at least *try* to understand them.

To women, every bit of clothing surrendered is a big **deal**. Try getting them to play strip poker some time and you'll see what I mean. Women know what their shields are, and how badly we want to get through them.

Also, like all clothing, shoes are protection. Most of our clothing is ornamentally protective, but shoes are a necessity no matter where you are. Tromping through puddles, stepping in dog crap, over broken glass, chewing gum stuck to the sidewalk, snow, ice, thorns, whatever, shoes are the last vestige of armor we still have. Our shield against all the gunk and debris life throws at us from beneath where often we're not looking.

What you're doing here is making *them* want to throw away their shields because when in your hands, they don't need any shields. And, once you've gotten through all their shields, that's when the fun really begins. Right?

You bet your ass.

AND NOW: THE FIRST KISS

Bit by bit we drag our way forward to the good stuff. I know it's taken a long time, but think about **it ...** think of all the wasted movies and dinners and jewelry, and **God-only-knows** whatever else you've thrown away on chicks without getting as far as what you've already learned will soon be getting you. Now, let's move on to the opening round of the big game.

The first kiss.

I really hope I don't have to say this, but just in case there's someone out there who hasn't learned anything from all this yet, let me just say that the first time you kiss a woman is *not* the time to be shoving your tongue down her throat. That would be a bad thing. Why, exactly, you ask? I'll tell you.

To be doing a **maui maui** lip mash on the first kiss is to



show desperation, or at least a lack of self control, neither being things that any woman wants in a man. If you're making with the tongue darts the first crack you get at her lips, it tells this babe that you're a guy who has to get everything he can the first time at bat because he usually gets thrown out of the game pretty quick.

Again, if you want to become a true make-out artist, you're just going to have to start thinking with a little more finesse than some goofy character out of a Saturday Night Live movie. Subtle is our golden password here, okay? I mean, come on, **guys—you're** not just sitting around kidding yourselves out there, are you? You know that women know what we want, don't you?

Every women on the planet knows what all men want. They've been warned. They've known the answer to that one since grade school. They watch TV, see movies, read books, talk to other people, and if nothing else, they've taken note of the well-known fact that 86.5% of all the sites to be found on the Internet are nothing but porn. Remember, women are only **irrational—not** stupid.

They know exactly what you want, and they know that you will do anything to get it. In fact, half of them are just waiting for you to prove what a revolting piece of dog crap you are so they can shout **"AHHH, HAAAA!"** while pointing their finger at you in melodramatic triumph and throwing you out of their life.

And they will, too. Remember, women are frightened of men, by and large. Just as having children scares most men

because it's a signal that it's time to grow up, letting men into their lives frightens women because that's their signal that it's time to grow up. To us, we can fuck without worry because we don't have the kids. We don't have to start acting like an adult until the baby comes along. Women, they have to start thinking about such things as soon as the bedroom lights go down, because that's the first step onto the road to morning sickness and diapers.

This is why I keep stressing that you have to be subtle. A man with no confidence grabs everything in sight and goes for everything as fast as he can. Why? Because *he has no confidence*. Thinking he is a loser who is never going to get any he makes certain he never gets any by rushing in like a jerk. But, the confident man is willing to wait. He can hold his cum back through will power. He doesn't have to snap a mousetrap on his dick to keep it from crawling out of his pants under its own power and spurting all over the place in advance.

This is the man women are looking for. The suave guy who takes his time, who waits until they are ready (really, who sits back and waits until he can make them beg for it). When the moment for that first kiss comes, give her a treat. Take her hand, bring it to your lips, and kiss it instead of her lips. Take her fingers and kiss the tips of them one by one. Then put her hand back where you found it and give her that look that tells her there's more where that came from... *if she* plays her cards right.

Another variation is to kiss a woman on her eyes instead of the lips. One at a time, softly. Gently. This is another

instant turn on. Why? Simple.

Once you're in the zone where you know you're supposed to kiss her, of course the kiss isn't going to surprise her. She's expecting it. But, when you move your head upward, suddenly her game plan is thrown out the window.

What is he *doing*?

She wants to know, and she wants to *know fast*. Her mind is instantly racing. She gave you the signal that she was ready to be kissed. What the hell are you up to? Confusion is followed by panic.

Your lips are coming in toward her eyes. No one likes anything coming toward their eyes. But, she can't stop you, she gave you the signal. She's caught in her own game. Considering she's been doing all this thinking in just a split second, she has two choices: push you away like some kind of idiot, or close her eyes.

She's going to close her eyes. Suddenly, she has surrendered to you. She's in the darkness, off guard, not knowing what's about to happen. And then, your lips softly caress her eyes, one at a time. At this point, this babe is on fire.

Good thing you brought your fire hose with you.

COULD THIS ONE BE *DIFFERENT?* DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT

I want to tell you a side story here. When I was a kid I knew a guy that, for lack of a better name, we'll call Ed **Krauss**. The night of high school graduation, he drove a bunch of other recently graduated idiots up to the high school. Driving out onto the football field, he decided he was going to pay the school back for all the terrible things it had done to him (what can I say, the guy was a jerk) by tearing up the field doing doughnuts in his car.

His mind made up (everyone was happy to agree with him just to get the free show), he told everyone to pile out of the car. They did, and then went over and stood off to the side while he drove out to the center of the field. Just before he started, though, the story goes that one of his crew had a semi-change of heart and said,

"Hey, don't you think we should stop him?"

And, because nobody liked this jerk, really, everyone—instinctively, without any **planning**—all shouted out the same thing, the same **way**—**staying** real quiet on the first word, then screaming the rest:

“Don’t DO IT, ED!!”

Needless to say, the moron tore up the field, spun out over the side of a hill, wrecked his car, got sued for the damages, and even went to prison for a short while for vandalism. So, what's my point here? As always, I, your guru, shall explain.

Sooner or later in your quest for pussy to plunder, you're going to run across that one babe who cuts through all your defenses. I don't know who she'll be, what she'll look like, et cetera. There's no way I can warn you as to who she is. All I can do is give you the warning signs to watch out for.

She's the one you're going to find yourself saying things like the following about:

"She's different."

"She's not like all the rest."

"I can trust her."

Pretty soon you're going to find yourself thinking that you should treat her differently, that all the things you've learned here don't apply to her. What can I say to you when you start thinking like this but:

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

This is the most dangerous one yet. Trust me on this one, when this gal comes along, you're going to want to start throwing all your hard-earned training out the window. When

you find yourself thinking that you should go ahead and do her that favor she asked for that you don't want to do, or that you should call her back right away in a situation where you *know* you shouldn't be calling at all, or that you owe her an apology for some nonsense thing that she actually started, or that you owe her one for no reason at all, et cetera, you are about to lose and lose big time.

You have got to get this through your head right now or this whole journey of ours has been for naught.

She is not different.

The situation is not different

None of them are different. In any way. They are all the same, and none of them are to be trusted.

If you ever find yourself starting to think this way, thinking that you've finally found the one who will never be a bitch, that voice you hear in the background is the voice of your asshole friends, looking to fuck you up. Let me tell you right here and now. **Don't** do those **doughnuts**. Grab the wheel, hit the gas and run your friends over instead.

Or, in other words ...

"DON'T DO IT, ED."

SO, WHOSE GAME ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY? HER'S ...OR YOURS?

Just a simple note. In case you haven't noticed it, women have mood swings. Most men are frightened by these wild, manic-depressive moments in the chicks around them and instantly start playing whatever game the woman is demanding just to live through the nightmare.

Don't be suckered by this crap. This is letting the inmates run the asylum, and by now most of you should have realized that giving the Joker the keys to **Arkham** is never a very good idea.

There's a simple reason women have these mood swings (outside of the ones that are actually fucking psychopaths, that is). Women are filled with extra hormones we don't have to worry about. They are the incubators of birth. Now yes, all

human bodies are miniature chemical factories, but their bodies are dealing in mega-doses of crap that would probably send us around the bend and back (after all, look what it does to them). When this stuff starts churning through their bodies (and it does on a regular **basis**—**look** up some facts on the menstrual cycle some time if you want some scary reading), there is little controlling what can happen inside most women.

Still, just because there is a reason for their crazed behavior, there is no excuse for it. And, there certainly is no rational to the female notion that it's okay for them to act like playful pussycats one minute and then dick-devouring piranhas the next, without ever having to consider excusing themselves, apologizing, or even acknowledging that there was something wrong with *them* and not *you*.

And, gentlemen, there is even less defense for those of our craven species that go along with women's bullshit on this matter. Again I say, you excuse a woman's offenses, you become a woman for doing it. Or you become a patronizing bastard. Either way, you will be resented and rejected all in one quick motion.

What you have to do is the same thing you were advised to do earlier when women get irrational for other reasons. Get your hat and your smokes and head for the door. Do not do this on the run. Do not play the coward. Even if a woman is throwing crap at you. Just calmly head for the door. Stop only long enough to toss your coat over your shoulder, or to light a cigarette there in the doorway, and then tell her in an even tone;

"Call me when you get your hormone value shut."

"You ever figure out how grown ups act, you drop me a line."

"Sorry, I made a mistake. I thought you were sane. You ever get any therapy, you look me up."

If they throw themselves at your feet and beg forgiveness, you can probably drop the act and go back in and get your ashes hauled. But only if they really sound as if they mean it. Don't fall into any of their traps, and don't start playing their game.

Ever.

If later they say you deserted them in their hour of need, you tell them that what you were doing was giving them their space so they could pull themselves together. Remind them that:

"You were acting like a lunatic. I figured you really didn't want to embarrass yourself any more than you already had, so I gave you some time so you could get it together. Sorry for being considerate."

Yes, there are a million other variations on the above that they could throw at you, but I'm not going to try and list them all. There are just as many come backs you can make, as well, but they're all just variations of the above. It's up to you to get the pattern down and be ready for whatever they try.

The simple answer is that these hormones force women to act like children some times. Since you can't actually treat them like children, you've got to let them calm themselves down and get it together. If they can, great. If not, then they

can't, and who the fuck wants to be with someone who can't get it together? Do you understand what that means? Who needs to be stuck with some bitch who can *never* be counted on to act even **semi-rationally**?

There are too many fish in the sea for that kind of strife, old chum. You get one on the hook that's all bone, teeth and trouble, toss the **fuckin'** bitch back, toss out some more bait and just have a beer while you wait to see what comes **a'nib-**bling next.

SO, WHERE YA GONNA GO? GETTING HER ALONE

How to get a woman back to your place isn't as hard as you might think. First off, half the time they want to go with us, they're just waiting for you to get them there in some way that isn't insulting.

Try to remember, women are just like cats. Everything is a game to women. You want them to make a certain response, you have to figure out what piece of dust blowing on the wind has caught their attention and grab it.

Plain and simple, women want sex. They like it, they need it, and they will have it with you. Any of you. Honest. Sure, there are guys in this world that are never going to shag a supermodel. Big, fucking deal. I've slept with models and had **Academy-Award** nominated (no actual winners yet) actress suck my dick. You know **what—they** can be just as big a pain in the ass, if not ten times worse, than any other chick.

In fact, most cheerleader types; i.e., those cunts who have been told by society that they're a part of the "beauty police" are generally more trouble than they're worth. For the beginning tail hound, they can take an insane amount of work and you'd be surprised to discover after all that effort how many of them aren't even good lays. Still, let's get back to the subject at hand.

To get a woman alone is no big deal. If she'll accept a date from you, no double date, or friends along happy horse-shit, just the two of you somewhere together, that's alone. In this world today, two people out together are, as they say, alone in the crowd. Now you just have to get her alone in the dark.

And that's not actually all that hard, either. Think, Gilligan. She went out with **you**—right? And you know that she knows what you want. Remembering that she wants it, too, but that she's going to make a game out of things, you've just got to *get into the game*.

In other words, don't just say something obvious like, "want to go back to my place," or "wanna sit on my face?" This is not trying to give them what they want. And they don't want much. All women want is at least the *pretense* that you respect them, that you aren't with **them** just to fuck them, that to you they are something special, and not just a cum bucket with legs.

So, how to be subtle? Well, try this one. Ask them how they'd like it if you cooked dinner for them. This almost always works like a charm. Women love any kind of role

reversal. And come on, guys, in this day and age, with all the meal helpers, instant, pre-packaged, frozen, et cetera, kitchen aides they have these days, there isn't a man alive that can't put together something that won't kill the two of you. For pity's sake, you can feed yourself, can't you? Well then ...?

If, however, you really can't prepare anything but ulcer sandwiches, then you'll have to go in some other direction. But, don't worry. There are plenty of them. For instance, pretend an interest in some hobby of hers so you can go back to her place. When she shows interest in something you own or do, whatever, seize on the moment and take her to wherever you can show that thing of interest off.

All women are doing in these situations is protecting their reputations. These days this is mostly in their own heads, but what the hell difference does it make where they're doing it or why? The important thing is to understand what is happening.

If you say, "let's fuck," they have to say "no," because if they don't, they're a whore and you have every right to walk away from a whore after you've used her. And they don't want that. Even if they only want to use you for an evening's sweat party in exactly the same way you want to use her, they can't admit it.

But, if you get them alone under some pretense they can later pretend to believe, then once you start to make the moves that half the time they've been waiting for anyway, then *they have theirfucking excuse*. In other words, whatever happens is the fault of some evil brute male; i.e., **you**—**not** them.

In their cloudy little minds, they are still pure and won-

derful and the only reason they're soiled now is because of you and your terrible mind games and horrible sex tricks. You, bastard, you.

Let me tell you a story that might help.

When I was a kid (mid-teens), I had this really hot chick on my parent's couch. The house was empty and we were dressed, but hot and sweaty and, as far as I could tell, as ready as could be. I'd already fucked a few babes in my time, and from what I could tell, this one was ready to boil over in my lap.

I started to make my final descent, when suddenly, she starts giving me the old "no, don't, no," routine. Now, this was only the, I don't really remember, fourth, fifth time I was alone with a chick. I'd never gotten this bit before. So, shmuck that I was (hey, stop giggling, as I said before, we *all* have to learn these lessons one at a time), I stopped making the big push and just settled for a second, third base kind of evening.

Sigh.

Years later, when fate brought us back into each others lives, she flat out asked me why I didn't just fuck the shit out of her. Frankly, I was stunned. I'd built in my mind that she had been different, pure, the one that was too good for my dirty dog ways. I mean, hell, she was a virgin at the time. I thought I'd been a gentleman, done the right thing, all that crap.

I told her all of that and do you know what her answer was to my kindness and sensitivity and gentle approach and

concern over her needs?

She laughed in my fucking face.

I mean, she was kind about it, she covered her mouth and tried not to be insulting or anything, but still, the bitch laughed in my **fucking** face. And you know what, she was absolutely right to do so. I was a kid and I'd played the game like a kid and I lost. All she was fucking waiting for was that excuse. I'm not a slut. He's just a fucking sex hound that forced me into a situation. I guess I liked it and all, but I would have never, I mean *never*...

Yeah, sure.

So remember, they want it, or they wouldn't be with you. After all, would you be with them if they didn't have what you wanted?

There **ya** go.

HEY BIG SPENDER... A WORD ABOUT GIFS

There are way too many reasons for gift-giving in this country. Yeah, we all know it's a racket created by the card and candy companies, et cetera, but it exists and there's no getting around it. So, let's get down to the nit and the grit of gift giving.

First off, don't be an idiot. Don't start dating anyone a couple of weeks before Christmas, or Valentine's day, Mother's Day (if they're a single Mom, or if either of your Mothers is still alive, she'll be wanting to know what you're getting your mother [and she'll use that to worm her way further into your life] and she'll expect you to get something for her mother, too), et cetera.

I mean, if you're actually a cold enough operator to be able to hustle some chick ten days before Valentine's Day, bust her dam, and then dump her ass before the gift police can

write you a ticket, well, way to go! **Huzzah**. But then, if you're in that advanced a class, you probably don't need this book.

Second, if you are dating a woman, and some major holiday is coming up quick, if you've gotten everything that you want from this one and you don't see anything really sensational approaching on the sexual horizon, then dump her ass before you have to shell out for anything. The holidays are great times to meet women. There are chicks looking for dick to suck 365 days of the year. Your hormones don't shut off for Christmas, the Fourth of July, or Bastille Day, and neither do theirs.

So, if you're stuck with some skank with Valentine's Day approaching, chuck her down the memory hole and polish your lonely guy speech for the first promising bit of tail you see. Meeting women on a holiday is great. Then you don't owe them anything for a year.

Of course, timing isn't always so merciful to us. Every once in a while you're going to be two days away from the wang waltz of your life, and you're not going to want to give that up, but their birthday is coming. What do you do? Well, what do you think you do, Chumley? You get them a fucking gift.

But, of course, when all is said and done, what exactly do you finally get for them? I mean, let's face it, you know as well as I do that there are bitches out there that aren't happy with anything. Buy them a necklace so heavy with diamonds that it would take a forklift to get it in it's goddamned package

and they'll still find some reason to complain. Right?

Well, the answer is maybe, and maybe not. As always, I shall explain.

Again, this all comes down to hormones and female logic (that same contradiction in terms, I know) and that strange little world that women live in. Simply put, chicks want to feel appreciated. They want to believe that you are paying attention to them, that they matter. Now the idiot's answer is to tell woman:

"Aw man, hey, of course you matter to me, sweetheart. I love you. I really need you. I mean, after all, I can't fuck the dog, can I?"

Believe it or not, this is not what they want to hear, ya dope. Once again, why should they give you their pussy if you don't care enough to earn it? As far as they're concerned, there are a thousand other guys out there that want their pussy, and somewhere in that thousand there has to be someone more sensitive than you. And don't think they won't fuck a thousand guys if you piss them off looking for that one dream date.

They're not asking much here. Just for you to pay some fucking attention. Yes, this is a pain in the ass because after all, after your dick is empty, you've got plenty of better stuff to do than pay attention to them, but, well sometimes a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. And in this case, a man's gotta use his fucking brain and think once in a while.

First off, just asking a woman what she wants is a dead end. This is one of those, "if you have to ask ..." situations. By

this time, she's given you all the hints you're suppose to need. I'll explain.

You were walking together and she points something out in a window. She says "isn't that darling?" and you mutter something to shut her up without paying any attention. Bad move.

Women are constantly giving us hints as to what they **want** ... not because they actually want the thing they're pointing at, but because they want to see *whether or not we're paying any attention to them*.

Use your head, **Griswald**. Wait for these cues. Memorize them. Half the time it's just some little piece of sentimental crap that you can go back and buy for peanuts. Then, you've got it made. When you give it to them, if they remember the moment on their own, you've got it made. If they don't remember the moment, then you get to remind them. And you don't do it with anger or frustration. You are always the image of **cool**.

"I can understand that you don't remember, I guess," you admit magnanimously. "It wasn't anything special, really. Not where we were, or what we were doing, I mean. It was you. At that moment. You were just so (happy, beautiful, wonderful, full of life, sweet, whatever). I couldn't get it out of my mind. So I went back and got it, I guess because it reminded me so of how (happy, beautiful, wonderful, full of life, sweet, whatever) you are. I just always wanted to remember you just like that."

Sure it's bullshit, but it's *the bullshit she wants to hear*.

So, just think, just think even a little, and you'll be okay. You have to get her something, of course, or you lose ("Oh, boo hoo, you just don't care at all") big time. And, if you just go out and buy her something expensive thinking that'll cover things, you're going to lose just as badly as if you didn't get anything at all ("Oh boo hoo, you just don't care enough to put any thought into what you get me. You think I'm a whore who can be bought off with diamonds [of course, trying getting those fucking rocks **back**]. You don't care at all").

And remember, half your grade on any gift in her mind is going to come from the comments she gathers from her mother, sisters, girl friends, co-workers, et cetera, so figure out which ones out of those groups she listens to and take them into consideration as well. Seriously, give her a romantic story to tell her sob squad and every iota of jealousy she generates within that circle is going to be pure gold for you. Oh, yeah.

Hey, I know it's complicated, but unless you're some kind of super yoga master who can suck his own dick, you'd better get all this fucking shit figured out.

SHORT NOTES ON TWO BIG DEALS: TESTS AND TEMPER

In case you didn't know it, women will test you every chance they get. Not only that, but sadly, I hate to say it but most men fail these tests. I will explain.

Women are constantly asking for things. Not gifts, at least, not gifts you can go out and buy in some store. That would be a blessing. No, what they will ask you for every time you turn around is for some sort of personal improvement on your part. Many of these will be so subtle and seemingly tiny that you won't even notice.

"Straighten your tie."

"Fix your hair."

"You eat too much red meat."

"You should stop smoking."

And a hundred thousand more. I could go on, but you know what I mean. What they are doing is taking the approach

of mommy once more. It's so simple, it's not a big thing, it's for your own good, and besides, I know best, clean up your act, change for me, do it for me, become a better person for me, **blahblahblahfuckingblah**.

Don't do it. Don't give **in**. Resist every step of the way. If she wants your tie straightened, tell her to do it. Let her comb your hair, and if you don't like the way she did it, undo it right in front of her. And as far as your red meat and smoke intake are concerned, she can go fuck herself. You'll do as you please.

But, and this is important, you must never tell her to go fuck herself. At least, not in an angry voice. If you can pull off a David Niven, witty British chuckle as you say it, fine, otherwise forget it. The reason for this is simple. And it ties in with the testing.

Women are searching for protectors. They want men that are going to dominate them, not men they have to dominate. These constant tests, trying to change a man, are instinctive ways women measure whether or not they have a real man. A real man knows who he is, is happy and comfortable with who he is, is *confident* with who he is, and isn't about to change for anyone. Women have to make these periodic tests until they're sure the man they have picked is going to stay the man they picked.

However, women don't want to discover after it's too late that they've hooked up with some bad tempered son of a bitch who's going to pound them into little jars of cunt jelly for getting on their bad side. This is why you have to keep your cool

in all arguments. Once a woman knows she can get under your skin, if it's still early and she can still get out, she will. Or, she'll use the knowledge to needle you and bring you to the edge of anger as often as she can, just to torture you.

And why not? You've proved to not be a real man after all. You tricked her for a while, but finally you revealed that you can be upset by a woman's questions. For that sin she will make you pay as long as you stick around.

No, the same answer has to be given for their change you tests as for their temper probes, quiet disdain. If you disregard anything they have to say at these moments, your inability to take her seriously in her most serious moods will put you far ahead. She will be left feeling powerless (mainly because these cheap tricks usually work without fail), and thus in the perfect state for you to begin dominating her completely.

In fact, every time you shoot down one of their little power moves, your domination becomes more solid. So, keep your cool, and you'll keep her caged up just the way you want her.

STACKING THE DECK: FINAL **TID** BITS FROM THE MASTER

Okay, we're running out of space so **I've** got to start assuming you will get the idea behind things with only a minimum of explanation. I've got so many of these sure fire little bits of advice left over I want to make sure I can squeeze in as many of them as possible, so, let's get right down to business.

Contact: another few words on making physical contact. A great move is taking a woman's hand in one of those moments when you know things are starting to go your way and holding it to your face. Just for a moment or two. Do this without saying a word. Most of the time the woman will be waiting for you to say something before she will comment. If you don't say anything, this leaves them damn confused and powerfully curious.

Now, when they finally do ask, you just tell them you wanted to know what it would feel like, her fingers against

your cheek. If she questions you further, just smile. If she gives you more trouble after that, just roll your eyes toward the ceiling as if to say you can't believe how insensitive a boob this woman is. Most won't go that far. If they do, it's probably a psycho bitch that you just don't need.

Putting your head against their chest or shoulder works in much the same way. We're talking non-sexual contact here. This is what children do with their mothers. It's that reaching out and needing contact with the creature they need above all others. It's a move with fantastic psychological impact and it's pretty much guaranteed to work 99% of the time.

The Line: **Sit-coms** have taught women all too well that far too many men have corny opening lines. Now, after getting this far in the book, you know that pick-up lines are not the way to go. Why? Because women are on their guard looking for them when a man first approaches. But you, you've been cool. You've told her the truth all along. Now, when you're ready to make your big move, *now* is when you use a line. Now that you've gotten her to trust you, now that she thinks you're a 100% straight shooter, now is when you feed her that line that's guaranteed to push her over the edge.

And we're talking getting away with the corniest of the corny. "No one has ever made me feel this way before," or "you must have some kind of special magic," or "God, you make me feel, so good, so special, you're just unbelievable," or even the oldest saw in the toolshed, "I've never met anyone like you before," any of these will get you places like you won't imagine.

The idea is to feed them a line that makes them unique and special. Not "I love you," or "I adore you" or want or need or anything else about you. This is the big move, the moment you're moving to melt their heart. You start by getting that far away look on your face, like you're just realizing something, and then you let them pry it out of you. You're shy suddenly, somewhat embarrassed. I mean, gosh, you can't believe you feel this way, you don't know how to say *it ...* you resist because you don't want to sound so corny, but well, I just have to tell you, I never met *anyone* as special as you.

Dick sucking will most likely commence shortly thereafter.

Gifts: In the old days jewelry used to work just fine. So did candy. Now, they've got ten thousand home shopping channels of every type and kind. Their taste in jewelry is better than ours anyway, and besides, who the hell has that kind of money when they're out to bag a one-night-stand? As for candy, they're all on diets these days, and if they look like they aren't, you still don't want to go that route unless it's Valentine's Day.

Nowadays you've got to be creative. If you know anything about them, use it. If they're really into some kind of music, make them a mix tape. If they read, get them a book that seems right for them. If they love cats, find a cute picture of a cat they can put up in their office. In other words, think a little bit.

And, when in doubt, remember that flowers *always* work. Cut or live. And yes, I know even a single rose can cost

upwards of \$5.00 at some times of the year, but violets are a weed and you can find them almost anywhere. Dig some up and get a fifty cent pot and you're in business. Again, think a little.

And for God's sake, don't give every woman you meet the same damn thing. Women talk. They get around to each other, and they all talk about the men they've known to each other. Unless you live in New York City, or *Los Angeles*, or some other really big burg, make certain you **don't** leave an identifiable trail, or you'll become a laughing stock with the chicks faster than Bill Clinton did with ... well, with most everybody.

Music: Have some on stock. Have it in your home and have it in your car. Have a mix of different tastes. Not every woman likes the same stuff, you know. Get a couple safe standards from each major type of **music**—**jazz**, classical, rock & roll, blues, show tunes, et cetera, I think you get the idea. This way, when you ask her if she wants some music and she agrees, you can ask, "what do you like?" and be fairly confident of having it covered.

This, of course, just gives you something else to share in common. And, trust me on this, the more things you can show that you have in common without having to point it out, the closer you're going to get to your target in that much quicker an amount of time.

But, what if she says "polkas." All right, you can just tell her something **half-true/half** a joke, like: "wow, I have to admit I don't have any polkas in the house right now. I did,

but I sent all my polkas out to the cleaners, just yesterday. But hey, don't worry about it, I'll just put on something for background music. That's probably better, because then we can concentrate on getting to know each other."

And please, say that one the way *she* wants to hear it. In other words, don't leer and make suggestive noises. Again, one last time, she *knows* what you want. They *all* know what you want. What you want to do is surprise her here. No, what you mean is you want to get to know **her—the** real her, the her *inside*.

Women know you appreciate the fact they have a vagina. They know you practically worship the goddamned thing. But, what they are waiting for is the man who wants to know what else they have inside them besides a clitoris. Or at least, they want a man willing to pretend he cares. To them a guy with that much sense seems at least three cuts above the rest, so keep it in mind.

And, when you go to put on that background music, make certain that you're equipped with something like Enigma's first album, or any other easy-listening music that has that same kind of sexual appeal built into the beat. Nothing wrong with that, especially if you keep it turned down low. Blast those hot groaning lyrics, and it's obvious what you're up to. Keep them suggestively in the background and it becomes far more subliminal.

Posture: stand up straight, you moron. Yes, believe it or not, this is incredibly important. Why? Because confident people don't slouch. Bad posture is a sign of weakness. It also

allows gravity to grab hold of that spare tire and drag it down more easily. So, trust me on this one, straighten the fuck up, okay?

And, you want some more advice from your mother? Fine, you got it. Brush your damn teeth, will you? Just before a date. Don't let that half-asleep pass you made in the morning suffice. You're going to change your clothes, aren't you (*aren't you?!*) well then, change your breath, too, while you're at it.

And hey, comb or brush your hair, shave, and take a shower while you're at it. It's amazing how many guys leave from work and head straight to wherever they do their hunting without thinking for a moment that women like to be treated as if they're special. You want what they got, you've got to at least make it *appear* that you're taking their wants and needs into consideration.

The Shower: as long as the word has come up, here's a tip for taking a shower with a woman. Now, usually you've already fucked a woman before she'll let you take a shower with her. So, if this is one-night-only city for you, then go ahead and do what you want in the shower because, well, it doesn't really matter, does it? But, if you've got plans for this one, you want to nail her a few more times, or you need her on your arm for trophy value at some upcoming function, you haven't found out where she keeps her loose cash and you never like to leave a woman without recouping on the funds you laid out to shag her in the first place, whatever, here's a tip.

In the shower, don't be grabby. You just fucked her, or you're going to be fucking her in a moment. Women place a great deal on being clean. Don't just be grabbing her tits or raking her bush. You're going to get soap in your eyes and you're just wasting water. Be smart. Wash her back for her. Make it sexy. When you finally get down to doing her ass, make cleaning that crack as naughty as possible. Another super-point-scoring move is to wash her hair for her. This sends women into orbit, and half the time she'll be turned on to suggest the steam cloud blow job you've been hoping for all along. For the life of me I can't figure out why, I just know it does (so I offer to do it every chance I get. It *always* works).

Skid Marks: Speaking of cleaning people's asses, make the hell sure yours is clean, will ya? Don't let her see your underwear covered with skid marks. In fact, don't let her see the slightest hint of a skid mark (make sure there's no cum stains, either).

Cliches: This goes for her toilet seat, too. Leave that skid mark free. In fact, leave it as fucking clean as possible. And in the name of all that's holy, put the fucking seat down when you're finished. Think a little bit. There are so many cliches about what stupid, unreasoning, temperamental boys we all are. Don't fall into any of them and it will amaze you as to what kind of a god **they'll** think you are.

Don't leave the toilet seat up. Ask someone for some god-damned directions if you're fucking lost. Don't come on ridiculously strong. Don't take any kind of rejection from any woman very seriously (be disappointed, but not **broken-heart-**

ed—crying the blues over some twat not realizing what a fucking **nimrod** she is for rejecting you will get you absolutely nowhere).

Gary's World Famous Jerk Off Test: No, this is not a test to see if you are a **jerkoff** or not. This isn't Cosmo, okay? This is something useful. And, laugh if you will, but this little preparatory ritual has worked for every guy I've told it to, so here goes.

We're at the beginning of your hunt. You've got that special piece of tail all picked out. You're going to be making your move on her soon. At this point, before you do anything else, before you ask her out even, you sit yourself down, clear your mind, get a perfectly honest picture of her in your mind (and by honest, I mean, if this bitch would never be caught dead in high heels and **fish** net stockings, then don't imagine her in them for Pete's sake), and then, well, do the deed.

If, after you've done a whack job with her in mind, if you still can't stop thinking about her and just have to have a go at her, great. Jump up, my son, and head out for yet another conquest. If, however, you find your interest waning, this should tell you something. If thinking about her as she honestly is, seeing her real tits in your mind's eye, picturing her exact physical features in your head, leaves you less than excited, well then get a clue. You've just saved yourself hours, maybe days (or more) of useless activity. Find someone to chase after who can keep your imagination's interest, and you just might have someone in mind worth chasing.

But, okay, let's say your Alice passes the test. Good news.

And now, you've reached the mid-point in your planned attack. In fact, things have been going so well that you're pretty certain tonight is going to be the big night where you go for it. Again, before you leave to pick her up or meet her or whatever, get Uncle Toby out of his cave and wake him up again. Why?

Because—this is the big night. You don't want to screw it up by having your hormones get you in trouble. Letting off some goopy steam will calm you down and make your approach that much more smooth. Dinner, a movie, bowling, whatever you've got planned along with travel time, it's going to give you a good few hours to build up a new head of steam. With your dream girl here as the end target, don't worry, you'll recover.

Domestic Brands vs. Imports: You know, there's one last thing I have to put in here. By a lot of what I've said, you've probably come to the conclusion that I think all women are totally screwed up. You're close. Let me give you a real truism: *all American women are fucked up.*

This is as true as it gets. Let's face it, you look at the early man, living in caves, nothing to eat, no television, no liquor or cigarettes, having to live by a strict religious code of ethics, and then you see that their women are complete slaves to them. These guys are allowed to kill their wives for practically anything. No disrespect tolerated, no showing of their limbs or faces or anything to another guy, et cetera. It makes you wonder where we went wrong.

Absolute true story. In Cambodia the woman used to

walk three paces behind their men. When I was in the country a few years back, I noted that the men now walk behind the women. When I saw this I was shocked, and a little saddened. To me it seemed as if our American values were starting to corrupt the entire world. When I asked my guide why things had reversed, he told me;

"Well, sir, ever since the last war there are many unexploded bombs and mines ..."

Let me tell you, he made my fucking day. Anyway, all I want to say is, if you're getting tired of nothing but attitude from a never-ending parade of psycho bitches from hell, give up on American born, or Americanized women for a while. Find yourself someone from another country. Of course, if you're in NYC or LA once again, this is the easiest thing in the world. It might take a little longer to score, but you will. And, who knows, you might find the answer to all your prayers in one of those foreign made packages.

Hey, don't think for a moment this is out of line. Toward the end of the 60s, the American automobile industry got fat and sloppy. They stopped worrying about their product because they thought they had the world all sewn up. Even if they lost part of the foreign market, they reasoned, they *knew* that they would never lose the American market.

Wrong. People started buying Japanese cars as soon as the Land of the Rising Sun started shipping over better cars. BMW, Volkswagen and Audi didn't do too badly, either. So, if you're just sick and tired of all the feminists and PC whores out there, try an Asian chick, or an Eastern European or

Russian babe. These are women who still know how to treat a man like a man.

And, for those of you living where such women aren't to be found in abundance, go to www.myforeignlove.com and look around. This is a website I personally had set up for American men who are frankly fed up with the perverted mentality of so many American women.

ENDGAME: WHAT IT IS

Okay, we're at the end. This is it. In just a couple of pages you're going to be on your own. I've tried to give you as many tips and angles as I can on how to master the art of seduction and then how to dominate the relationship after that. A lot of the bits I've outlined here won't work in every situation, of course, or on every chick. This much should be obvious.

There is one point I have stressed from the beginning, however, and in our last few moments together, I want to tell you why I feel this single factor is more important for you to grasp than all the others.

Since the beginning of this book I've been telling you to have confidence in yourself. In fact, let me tell you right now, if you want to ignore *every single other thing I've told you here*—go ahead. That's right. Forget every single word I've

told you except the four most important ones.

Have confidence in yourself.

This is the secret. And I will tell you why. It used to be cute when people talked about the war between the sexes. It ain't so fucking cute anymore. This is a war, my friend, an all out war, one being waged on the heterosexual male by everything else there is.

Heterosexual men in America are being made to feel as if they are complete pieces of shit from every angle. Schools favor girls over boys. Girls who act like girls are praised; boys who act like boys are drugged until they're quiet. If a little girl kisses a boy she's bold and willing to explore her world. If a boy kisses a girl he's a rapist monster and he's quickly expelled.

Advertisers have determined that women control most of the money in circulation, so they push their product appeals toward women. Start thumbing through magazines or paying attention to commercials (want a real education, watch some commercials that run during the daytime hours when the housewives rule the TV). Unless the product is almost exclusively a male item (lumber, cigars, comic books, beer), you'll see that it's a heterosexual male who is the idiot who has to be wised-up in every single one of them.

You don't think I know what I'm talking about here? You'd better turn on the tube and start paying attention. The women always know best. Dad's kids always know best. For Christ's sake, the fucking dog is always smarter than dad. Mom never looks stupid in those cereal ads, but Dad's always

a complete moron.

Heterosexual male clubs have to be disbanded whenever they are discovered. By law. Think about that for a moment. It's against the law for you and your pals to start an exclusive club that refuses women or homosexuals. But, at the same time, the poofers can congregate anywhere they want, however, openly having illegal sex, and everyone is supposed to fall all over themselves raving about how wonderful it is that the poor dears are enjoying themselves.

Let two heterosexuals kill a homosexual and leave him tied to a fence and the international outrage overflows instantly. Other countries will chime in to condemn America for its evil ways when something like this happens. Even when the murderers are found and given the death penalty (a good thing), still the media will scream about the horrors of the hate-filled heterosexual world. But, let two homosexuals kidnap a young teen and *torture and fuck him to death* and the story can't get air time anywhere.

Why?

Because homosexuals are a protected minority, just like women.

All the research shows that children from a single parent household are some 75% more likely to get pregnant, get addicted to drugs, never go to college, become alcoholics, get divorced more than once, et cetera. And yet, everyone goes out of their way to believe the big **lie**—~~that~~ single mothers can somehow replace their children's fathers with ease.

There are a thousand different ways that you, as a man,

are being attacked every day. American men are being told all their heroes are dog crap, that heterosexual males never did anything good or decent. What about the formation of America, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of **Rights**—all that stuff? Before Jefferson and Washington and Franklin the entire world lived in slavery. Stop and think about that for a moment.

Before the patriots of the American revolution banded together to try and bring liberty to mankind for the first time, every person on the face of the Earth before the creation of this country lived in sufferance to some king or emperor or dictator of some other type of tyrant. The men who created America, who paid for that creation with their lives, didn't *they* create something worthwhile?

Hey, will come the answer, they still allowed slavery, and besides, they stole the Constitution from the writings of the Native Americans. When you answer that the question of slavery was bitterly debated and that it was only allowed because there would have been no union otherwise (and also that America was eventually the second of the nearly two hundred nations on this planet to abolish slavery [some of whom haven't stopped enslaving their own people even unto this very **day**]) and that there weren't any Native Americans who had a written language for them to steal from, all you will get is indifference or a new set of lies.

Why do I tell you that you have to have confidence in yourself? Because there are too many people out there demanding that you give it up. The final days of mankind will

be upon us if these politically correct bastards win any more ground. Anything anyone believes is just as valid as what you think. And, don't you dare be judgmental, you don't have the fucking right to make judgments about anyone else. And don't think you go and start thinking you're better than anyone else. You're not.

Do you understand what this world is telling you? You're no better than a welfare bum, a child molester, a drug addict or a rapist. If you have a penis you're just a piece of crap and you don't deserve any rights at all (unless your idea of heaven is taking that penis and shoving it up another man's ass [or having one shoved you **yours**]).

Well, screw that shit! Get it through your head right fucking now that you can make any judgments you want. If you want to think that working for a living makes you better than some grubby piece of puke who lives off handouts and welfare, that's your fucking right!

If you've decided that you're better than some queer who gets shit in his fingerprints every time he takes a piss, that's you're fucking right, too!

Don't take this shit anymore. Not another minute of it. Stand up for yourself, for who you are and what you want to be. When I tell you to be confident in who you are, these are the enemies I'm trying to get you to push back. And pushing they need. They are after you because, as a heterosexual male, you represent everything they hate. Homos don't help society progress. They help drag it down. Men build civilizations, and there are simply far too many whiners and cowards in this

world who don't like the civilization we have.

They're always ready to tell everyone what's wrong with the way we live, and to point out that if we only all lived in igloos, or wig-warns, or Soviet concrete block housing, that things would be so much better. They fear marching boldly into the future. They cringe at the idea of trying to create something new. Snails and owls and tadpoles become more important to them than human beings because they aren't human themselves.

These people are nothing more than caricatures of real human beings. Strutting puppets who crawl across the face of the world like cancers, looking for more victims to infect with their poison because killing a million more victims is better as far as they are concerned than looking in the mirror and deciding whether or not they like the guy they see there.

You are not a man with that fear. You can't be. You bought this book because you *want* to be comfortable with yourself. You *want* to have a normal life, to be not just *a* man, but *the* man, the bread winner, the hero, the one in charge, the one who gives the orders, the head of the household, the **boss—the** way men have had for thousands of years. You yearn for it. You dream of it.

Well, stop yearning, stop dreaming.

Go to the mirror, go there right now. Look in it. Look at yourself. Long and goddamned hard.

Do you like the guy who is there? Do you? Why? Why not? Answer these questions truthfully. And, if you like that guy, then don't be ashamed of him. If you don't like him, then

change what you don't like.

But that's it. No one likes anyone who doesn't like themselves. You want women to like you, then you have to like you. Period. It's as simple as that.

You want to be able to dominate women, you have to be a man who generates that kind of power. And only a man with confidence generates any kind of power at all.

That's it. That's all I've got to say. Thank you all for your time and your attention.

Now ... go out and get **fuckin'** laid already and take control, it's easier than you think!